

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

ENDING a second Canadian Contingent to South Africa meets with the approval of everyone. When it was proposed to send the first Contingent the seriousness of the situation was not appreciated. Even those who clamored loudest for the project only argued that it was necessary as a "demonstration" of our loyalty. As a rule I do not believe in demonstrations of loyalty, or of anything else. To be patriotic, loyal, to be good citizens, faithful friends, considerate neighbors, is a matter of every hour of one's life. To proceed to make a demonstration of one's love or loyalty is apt to be a cheap thing, and from its very emptiness to degrade the highest impulses of the human heart. Now that every colony of Great Britain appreciates the necessity not only of demonstrating its loyalty, but of contributing its share, everything is changed. While no one imagines that if the Little Islands were left alone in the fights they would not win, the struggle has assumed a character which demands the assistance of every colony. Canada will cheerfully furnish ten thousand troops and pay the expenses, and be benefited thereby, inasmuch as every Canadian will learn the self-reliance and self-respect of being something more than a ward of the Empire. It is time that we should let the world know that in a critical moment we can do as much as any people of the same number on earth, to defend what we believe to be right. Furthermore, we can prove that though for many years past we have been slow to assume our share of the burden of Empire defense, we are now willing to not only do the duty of the moment, but to pay up our old debts.

Canadians are perhaps slow to move, as they are slow to forget, but they also hate to be forgotten. We have sometimes thought in this country that Great Britain did not appreciate us. It often happens that we do not appreciate people because we do not know them, and we do not know them because we do not appreciate them. Great Britain may not have appreciated Canada in the Jubilee year Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in such a statesmanlike manner, drew attention to what we are willing to do and to what we desire. It was an example followed by every colonial statesman, and the colonies have since been clustering closer to the Motherland. An emergency having arisen, Canada has proven that while she may be slow to make empty demonstrations she is swift in a time of need. This is much better than to have wasted all the enthusiasm of the Dominion on what at first was considered a parade. We have proved our sincerity; we have indicated that we are not anxious to make empty protestations or advertise our loyalty. The promptness with which the second call has been answered should forever silence those people who make a business of talking loyalty, and who can scarcely utter or write a sentence without incorporating a resolution protesting loyalty and affection which have never been questioned and which can only be proven as Canada is proving them. Hereafter to talk about loyalty is to be offensive. The cheapness of the expression ruins the phrase as anything except the badge of a lip-servant. When we are called upon to act we will never fail. And thank God we have done enough already to make talking about loyalty nothing but the badge of those who are neither patriotic, self-sacrificing nor durable. No one who understood Canada ever thought of anything different; no one who desires to be popular in this country should hereafter engage in saying things which Canadians have proven by their deeds. It cannot be presumed for a moment that the great British Empire does not see the finish of this Boer war, or that it can be diverted from the purpose which it has at heart. If less than a quarter of a million Boers can provide fifty thousand soldiers, Canada with its six millions could provide enough men to fight them to a finish, even if there were no British Empire. Without disturbing our domestic arrangements, fifty thousand men can go if none come back, and we only need to be shown the necessity in order to provide them. These seem to be large words, but Canada has learned a large lesson in her close proximity to the United States, and there is no other colony which has the same reasons for close adherence to an Imperial arrangement.

The suggestions which have been made by various newspapers with regard to the class of men to be sent to the front, almost invariably point to the benefit which a force of the North-West Mounted Police would be as scouts. We do not need to be imitators. Mounted militia and yeomanry may come from elsewhere. Canada can provide troops which can fight the Boers at their own game and whip them at it, man for man, even in an unknown country. Our plainmen and mountaineers, all eager to go, it is to be hoped will have an opportunity in this contingent or in the next.

THE killing of Mrs. Rogers on the corner of Wellesley and Church streets will rightfully enough be held by the people of this city as an evidence that the Street Railway Company is enjoying its franchise without due regard to the lives of the populace. According to the finding of the coroner's jury the car was going at an illegal rate, while the driver of the sleigh was contributory to the accident; yet, if due care had been taken by the Street Railway Company the accident would not have been as serious as it was.

The Church street railway has been known as the express line of Toronto. This has its advantages, for many people would rather wait for the fast car than go over to Yonge street or take the Belt Line. People on the street have become used to it, and keep out of the way of the swiftly moving car. If a vote were taken of the people of Rosedale and Church street, probably the majority would be in favor of retaining the present speed, yet while anxious to obtain this advantage they are not doubt ready, when an accident happens, to criticize the road for the small number of cars and the great rate of speed at which they run. This is one of the peculiarities of those who demand a service from a corporation, but fortunately the lives and limbs of the people may be protected by something more than the whim of those directly concerned either as managers of the road or beneficiaries of the speed.

The statement which has been made and accepted that the fenders are cheap and miserable things ought to convince the Railway Company that they must prove that they have the most modern appliances, or else procure them. To those who glance at the fenders made of some old gas-pipe and a little wire netting, it appears that something better might be had. In other cities those who go about will observe that much more expensive and humane appliances are to be found. The Toronto Street Railway Company must be made to understand, if it does not now understand, that their franchise does not give them a title to the lands and lives of the people of this city. The railway is not the manager of the city; it is simply a device for the convenience of the citizens, and this device must be of the best sort.

Nothing has been so thoroughly demonstrated in Toronto as that corporations have much more influence than the people. Persistent effort and continuity of purpose have always enabled the Grand Trunk, the C.P.R., the Toronto Railway Company, the Gas Company, the Electric Light Company, the Telephone Company, and all other owners of franchises, to give the city the worst of it. The situation is not a new one, but it is likely to be used by one at least of the Mayoralty candidates as an argument for his election. His previous history is quite consistent with the idea of using an accident on one of the roads as a reason why he should be placed in the Mayor's chair in order

that he may demonstrate his power to destroy corporations. It is bad enough to have corporations making much money while occasionally destructive of life, but it would be still worse to have a man endowed with authority to enter into frightfully expensive and interminable suits against institutions which, no matter how reckless they occasionally may prove themselves, are still contributing to the prosperity of the city.

We may have stood a great deal, we may have to stand a great deal; no city on earth can be so governed as not to be made "sit up" for many unpleasant things. No one man can correct these things. At any time the majority, or any large section of the electors, sees fit, they can tear up the street railway and defy the police. This measure is open at any time. It would be far better to attack a corporation in this way than to delegate the power to fight the railroad system to a man who has never sought anything but his own advantage. His advantage in such a situation would be to be paid for his retirement from his anti-election position. The one alluded to has already been guilty of such retirements and of making use of trivial positions in order to benefit himself. To put such tremendous powers in the hands of an improper person would be still worse than the placing in the hands of corporations extraordinary privileges intended for the public service. The way to entrench aggressive corporations in this city is to make it possible for them to form an alliance with the chief magistrate, and none but the powers of heaven and hell could then disturb the monopoly or protect the citizens. Those who contemplate the election of a man who was never known to have a scruple; who is known to be the tool of men who have ends to serve; who has no stake in the city, no social status, no com-

"sit up." Almost anybody could get up a crowd which would throw every self-seeking and objectionable alderman out of the windows of the Council Chamber. If we took proper interest in our own business this would have been done long ago. "Controlling" the Council, "controlling" the Board of Control, has in the past been to the disadvantage of every taxpayer. If we get a Council that any decent man in the city cannot control when he is right, it will be to our shame. If the city does not see that the said Council is controlled by whoever is elected Mayor, it should also bring the blush to everyone. The city ought to control the Council and control the Mayor. They are servants, and paid servants, and there should be no delay in deciding who is bossing the job and as to whether trading in offices, appointments, contracts, improvements, is to be the method employed or the public necessities are to be first considered.

THE Empire Theater has been closed for the past couple of weeks. To the credit of Toronto it may be said that the place has been patronized very little of late, the audiences dwindling down almost to the vanishing point. There is, however, an easy harvest to be reaped about New Year's by a man who can open any kind of a show, for people suddenly begin to rush to plays and entertainments as the earlier winter they do not, and I am told that the manager, or the late manager, of the Empire, or whatever he may choose to regard himself, proposes to open that resort about New Year's Day. This being so, I wish to point out that all theater licenses in Toronto expire on December 31, and the Empire Theater cannot open on January 1 unless Chief of Police Grasett picks up a pen and signs his name officially to

stake. I have seen pigs around a trough, and cattle in a stampede, and brokers yelling when there was a break in stocks, but I never saw anything so absolutely barbarous as the women who were crowding one another about in Macey's. I know nothing of bargains, and though I had a specific place to go and a small article to buy, which could be had no where else so far as I knew, it took me an hour and a half, and when I emerged from that maddening, perspiring, scolding and avaricious horde, I felt as if I had been through a month's sickness, and I made vows that having been in such a place as that once, I would never go again, even if I missed a dead to a farm or a title to an earldom. If one wants to lose all faith in womankind, and to have one's perspective with regard to the female sex destroyed, let him go to a bargain store when the mob is looking for something for less than cost. I can find reasons for defaming lynchers, and I can see why terrible barbarities are practiced by communities who think they are defending the rights of their women folks, but I cannot find any explanation, except that the bargain-hunter is a savage, for the mob that goes up to buy something for less than cost. Less than the legitimate cost means somebody's blood, somebody's starvation, somebody's agony, and yet the "gentlest" will almost mob one another to get the results of killing toll. This may not be true of Toronto, but it is the case in New York, and I am sorry to bear witness to the fact.

Two well known Torontonians were talking over their luncheon the other day, when one asked the other whom he intended to support for Mayor. The elder one, who is noted for his shrewdness and ability, answered, "The people of Toronto are nothing more nor less, from a business point of view, than a joint stock company. As a member of several such companies, when I go to the annual meeting whom do I support for directors but those who are successful in their own business, have a reputation for being honest and capable in their relations with other people, and who, if elected, would have something more than the mere directors' fees in view? I vote for aldermen on this principle. When the president of a company is to be elected I do not pick out the poorest director or the man with the least stake in the company, or whose record has been incapable in his own business. I do not believe that the man who cannot make money for himself can make money for other people. It looks reasonable that the one who is incompetent to manage his own affairs should not be placed in a position to control the affairs of others. Ald. John Hallam has earned the position of Mayor, if long service can entitle anyone to be chief magistrate, or president, or whatever you see fit to call the man who will have most to say with regard to the government of the city. He is the only candidate who has proven himself in private concerns a good business man, and I shall certainly support him."

This looks reasonable, and if we would only manage our business as private corporations manage theirs we certainly would not have such a queer lot of directors—aldermen we call them—not make presidents—or mayors, as we call them—out of men who have never proven themselves good business men in the management of their own personal matters. It is not given to everybody to be a good business man. Without envy or malice we often laugh at those who have risen from nothing to the honest possession of riches, but I think the majority of us who lack wealth would sacrifice a good many of the qualities which we prize most, and which are perhaps most prized by others, in order to possess some of the good hard sense, foresight and adaptability which every now and again demonstrate themselves as superior in the management of business and public and private concerns, to the more gracious accomplishments which are so apt to attract us when we choose from candidates for public office.

In an article entitled *The Powers of a Mayor*, the *Mail and Empire* speaks as follows:

On the eve of a municipal election in which good, bad, and indifferent candidates are offering themselves for the Mayoralty, it may be well to remind the citizens that the Mayor is something more than an alderman of the city at large and an ornamental figurehead of the Council. It would almost seem as if the charge made in powers by the Act creating the Board of Control had escaped general notice. Previous to that change his power did not extend beyond those of the collectors over whom he presided. But now they do. The Board of Control, constituted by the Act of 1890, consists of the Mayor and three aldermen. Its duties are to prepare the annual estimates, to award all contracts, to inspect monthly all public works under construction, to nominate heads of departments and sub-departments, to dismiss and suspend heads of departments for due cause, and to act generally as the Executive of the Council. And the estimates fixed upon, the contracts awarded, the appointments made, and the removals from office effected by the board must stand, unless they are opposed by two-thirds of the Council present at any meeting in which such acts of the board are considered.

In the four persons composing this body, therefore, there is vested a very large measure of authority. In a board so constituted and exercising such large powers, the Mayor's influence, for good or evil, is bound to be the paramount one. It has proved to be so in our three years' experience of the arrangement. This is owing to the fact that the board is so small and that in the event of a tie the Mayor has a casting vote. If he and one other member of the board are in favor of giving a certain person to an office or of removing a fire chief or other head of department, or of awarding a big contract to a certain party, or of striking the tax rate at so many mills in the dollar, they can carry their will against the opposition of the other two members by the Mayor's casting vote. To make himself master of the board it is thus only necessary for the Mayor to see that one of the three aldermen upon it is his close ally. Usually his influence is so great that he can secure the election by the Council of one member who is specially *versus* another. His influence, of course, the Mayor who thus dominates the board dominates the Council, as the acts of himself and his compliant supporters can be reversed or modified only by a total vote of two-thirds of the whole Council present.

Since the Mayor has been made so much more powerful, it behoves us to look more to character than we ever did before in choosing a man for the office. He should be a clear-headed man of business, able to see what is best for the city, and strong enough in act to be seen to do it. He should be absolutely independent and devoid of all avarice or clique. If he is of this kind he will not abuse the great powers he is able to secure. But by means of these powers a Mayor who is a schemer, an enemy of property, or the tool of a gang could ruin the city. His practical control of the tax rate, of places, and of contracts could be used to establish a system as infamous as that of Tammany. The position to which the Mayor has been raised by the constitution of the Board of Control is one which no man in the world can be trusted. In electing a Mayor no class of the civic community can be allowed to assess their votes than those thrifty ones who want to see industry kept flourishing, and who desire to acquire homes for themselves here.

I will not say in favor of whose candidature the above article was written, but I am quite sure that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the "thrifty class" appealed to will immediately insert the name of John Hallam as most likely to fill the bill.

THE letters from Mr. Hamilton, the war correspondent of the *Globe* with the Canadian Contingent, are distinctly interesting reading. The *naïve* of Mr. Hamilton's style leads us to believe that he is describing the circumstances exactly as he saw them, or as they would be viewed by the Canadian reader. He professes no knowledge of military tactics, discipline, or the conduct of a campaign, but he tells us just exactly what we want to know with regard to what is going on. It is said that Mr. Hamilton knows a good deal about military affairs, but he



CAUGHT IN THE STORM.

Drawn for SATURDAY NIGHT by John Innes.

mercial rating, no solidity of any sort, may hope that a fight will be made against corporations, but they will find themselves laughed at, because the Mayor and the corporations owning franchises will have a similarity of interest the moment this person's demands are complied with.

A argument has been advanced that John Hallam is unfitted to be Mayor of Toronto, because he would be unlikely to be able to control the City Council. This is a delicate subject, for we are obliged to ask how the City Council is ordinarily controlled by "factful" men who have been Mayor or are applying for the situation. Probably anybody can control the City Council who is willing to lend himself to the scheme of every wire-puller, log-roller and self-seeker who obtains a seat in it. Are we anxious to have a man who will control the Council on these terms? Probably it requires a prize-fighter to control the men we elect. If so, we have no prize-fighters in sight and should hasten to get one. At any rate, we have

presented to us the extraordinary situation of a prospective Council which needs some violent measures for its control. Would it not be better to elect a Council who will act like reasonable men and accept a business-like government? Of course, if we expect to elect a Council consisting of the thugs and toughs of the city, we ought to have a Mayor capable of pounding the solar plexus of each one individually and of all collectively. If we contemplate the election of a business Council it should not frighten us to also contemplate the election of a business Mayor. We have had enough of this "controlling" the Council. We all know the methods employed.

What we need is a man who will control the business of the city, and it is quite probable that there are enough policemen who can be spared from the force to keep the Council in order.

If we elect twenty-four aldermen and a Mayor, twenty-five in all, we cannot expect the Mayor to be able to whip the entire batch, nor do we hope for one who will be in harmony with all of his colleagues unless he yields to every request presented to him. It might be a good experiment to have a Mayor who does not control the Council on old methods. We can afford to turn in and help the Mayor make his advisers

a sheet of paper licensing that house to continue its vulgar, vile and immoral existence. In the interests of public decency and in the interests of the reputable stage let Chief Grasett refuse to grant licenses to the Empire and Bijou theaters. He cannot possibly be unaware of what these theaters are, and knowing what they are he cannot possibly license their continuance. To make occasional demonstrations against these theaters in the police court will be found to be a very poor device for soothing public opinion, when it becomes generally known that these places cannot open on or after January 1 unless by a new license freshly issued by the Chief of Police. If the Ministerial Association, instead of talking against all forms of amusement except playing "button" and "pussy wants a corner," would form a deputation to wait upon Chief Grasett and protest against licensing these two houses that give performances in which every thought is vile, every word and action vulgar, they would be doing something really worth while.

WAS in New York last Monday when a great break in stocks took place. I saw something of the madness of Wall street and the frightful headlines of newspapers. It seemed to me most extraordinary, when a disaster was occurring, that the newspapers should contribute to it. Had it not been for the lead-headlines of some of the leading bankers the commercial face of the United States would have been ripped open. With few exceptions the New York papers always contribute to every disaster by using it as the sensation of the hour. However, if the brokers in Wall street were madmen, I found another place where insanity of a cheaper and less explicable sort was also manifested. I was charged with a trivial errand which led me into the greatest departmental store in New York. It being near the holiday season the enormous place was crowded from wall to wall. Floor-walkers and everybody capable of directing the stranger were lost sight of. In the hunt for bargains the crowd, of which perhaps ninety-five per cent. were women, surged wildly to and fro, besieging and overloading the elevators, jabbing one another with their elbows, juggling children by the hand, and fighting their way through as if everything they had on earth or hoped for in heaven was at

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is very kind to his readers when he drops that sort of thing and is nothing more than a spectator. Probably, if he assumed to be a critic, he would be less thought of. We do not want to see things through the eyes of an expert, but to know exactly what our boys are doing and what they feel.

It must have been somewhat rough on some of the tenderly reared youths who are serving as aspirates, to have had to scrub the decks of the Sardinian and empty the slop-buckets, but it must have been a useful experience. The best men that the world puts forth are those who know something about the seamy as well as the silken side of life. A man who thinks that the seamy section of life is to be left out in his case may not get his unpalatable dose until late in life, but it will come some time. It is just as well for the young fellows to tackle a tough section when they are young and strong, for the brief period of hardship may teach them to provide for old age or warn them that the paths of glory lead not only to the grave, but sometimes to barrack duty of a very unpleasant variety.

As the lads get nearer the front the war seems to be warming up if a hot reception were to be tendered them by the Boers. This is what they went after, and this is what they would be disappointed if they did not find. Nevertheless, in this case, as in thousands of others, it is those who are left behind who suffer most. The spirit of battle and the intoxication of action cannot fill the nostrils of those who weep at home as they do those of the lusty young fellows who are eager to distinguish themselves. It is not the women alone who lie open-eyed in the dark and wonder what fortune is falling in the way of the Canadian Contingent, nor is it alone the men who have sons or brothers in the war, who seize the newspapers to find out if they have yet seen an engagement; it is all Canada. Every Canadian's pulse beats faster when he hears of an engagement; every child of the Dominion looks askance at his neighbors when a reverse is recorded; every heart beats in unison with the drums which call the troops to action or summon them to toll. As the war grows larger and the necessity of all British subjects joining in the petty projects so much discussed at the beginning are forgotten and the necessities of the hour are being acutely felt, as civilians far removed from the scene of action we may feel disposed to criticize the movements of the generals, but as Britons we should hold our peace, and when asked what we would do in case of a reverse always answer, "Ready, ye ready."

#### Peace We Beseech.

Father Eternal, Saviour Omnipotent,  
Love everlasting, Spirit the Comforter,  
Light of all Darkness, peace we beseech Thee,  
Turn Thou the hearts of men, make them Thy sons again.  
Save, we entreat!

Rulers are merciless; statesmen, diplomats,  
Armies are units, composite unity  
Made but of souls, and then buried without thought or ken,  
E'en by the will of men, into Eternity.

Saviour, give peace!

Hear Thou the widows cry, save those now doomed to die,  
Death opens wide her doors, dark is the portal.  
Christ wash their sins away, take them to endless day,  
Pity mortality, Guidance Immortal.

Life is revealed!

Barrie, Dec. 3rd, 1899. LEAH JOSSELIN.

#### Canadians in War Time.

**W**RITING about the conduct of the war in South Africa, one of the European critics makes the statement that the British generals have gained their war experience from fighting against colored and half-savage races, and that the training acquired in strategical manœuvres at home is useless, because it is all based on that kind of one-sided fighting. Just at present we are somewhat disposed to listen respectfully to these alleged "Continental authorities." I say alleged, because, while not a military expert, I know something about the enterprise of news furnishing bureaus, which, if unable to secure the opinions of expert military authorities, are always ready to produce excellent reading matter that sounds expert enough to be the opinions of a Von Moltke. The duty of the hour is to be calm. The citizen is neither wise nor well informed who goes around decrying the British generals as inferior to Joubert and Cronje. People in Toronto are saying many things just now that they will probably be anxious to forget before long—blaming the British generals for not winning in a walk-over against a well armed enemy strongly entrenched, waiting for weeks at all the salient points necessary to the British advance. Why should anyone suppose that the Boers, armed with all the engines of modern war, first on the spot and with weeks in which to entrench themselves securely in positions commanding the fords of the rivers where the British must pass, could be lightly swept aside? It is perhaps not the British generals so much as the British public who are misled by the easy successes of little wars against half-armed blacks, great in numbers and courage but weak in effectiveness. We expect too much, and we expect it too quickly and too cheaply. We expect to read of a victory every morning at breakfast. So far, after several battles that we profess to consider important, the British casualties number 6,000. In one battle of the Franco-Prussian war the French lost 19,000 men and the Germans 22,000. Since then the engines of war have become vastly more destructive, and we should, therefore, not be too warlike in times of peace unless we are prepared, in time of war, for much greater reverses and much more serious losses than any we have yet met with in the preliminary encounters with the Boers so far reported. The real battles are yet to be fought. SATURDAY NIGHT used its influence to dissuade the Canadian people from thrusting themselves, perhaps unnecessarily, into this war in Africa. The Government hesitated, but the people of Canada were not to be denied, and when the Imperial authorities requested troops there was nothing to do but supply them. We could do no less; in response to a request we could not fail to do much more. But having gone into the war we should keep cool, for discouraging as some of the news is, we may expect any day to get news that will strike us a deeper blow than any yet received. The news that many of our own boys are among the killed and wounded may come any day; this is what we bargained for and must accept.

When the volunteers were leaving Toronto, I pointed out in these columns that if Canada intended to share in Britain's wars abroad, she should maintain and prepare soldiers for that service, not call young men from counting-houses and studies to share the hardships of a severe campaign alongside the hardened regulars of the British service. Among those who went out as privates with the Canadian Contingent were many captains and lieutenants of our volunteer corps; a great many of them were graduates of our universities; a few were sons of rich men accustomed to luxuries; very many were office hands of the better class. The next we heard of these men, they were scrubbing the decks of the Sardinian, and performing those other distasteful tasks that fall to the lot of the private soldier on a troopship. Once the boat got clear of Quebec, military discipline required that the social line between officer and man should be abruptly drawn and severely observed. The next we heard of our men they were digging trenches and ballasting

the railroad at De Aar. Unfamiliar as they are with pick and shovel, no doubt they did it well. Yet they are bound to say among themselves, as we who remain at home should say, that if Canada is going to send private soldiers to the foreign wars we should not depend upon a loud hurrah which will cause graduates of universities to enlist and captains to go as privates, but that we shall have available a regiment of men who have deliberately entered the army to enjoy its advantages in time of peace and to face its hazards in war.

The privates of the Canadian Contingent are of too good material for the uses to which privates are, and can be, put. Too much money and care have been spent on their education. Too much money has been spent on their food and clothing in childhood and boyhood; if this is to be their sphere. There are privates carrying rifles and welding shovels in the Canadian Contingent on whose training for the arts of peace enough money and care have been spent to make them really formidable in modern war as artillerists, engineers or strategists, had they been trained for war.

War devours a percentage of those who go forth to meet it. There cannot be war without casualties, and the purpose in sending men to war is to put in the field a force that will vanquish the force opposed to it. It may argue well for Canada that its educated sons are willing to turn aside from the careers for which they are in training, in order to fight as private soldiers of Britain; but the Dominion, if she is to assist at all in the foreign wars of the Empire, ought as well do something as intelligent and as effective as possible. If our young men are to shoot and be shot at, we should set some of them apart to learn the fighting trade. If it costs the Province of Ontario one thousand dollars of public money to educate a man to the point where he can practice law or medicine, that man is not the one to put in the ranks. If we spend a thousand dollars of public money in educating the man who goes abroad to fight, let us spend it on teaching him drill, gun-practice, and the whole trade of killing enemies and preserving his own life.

#### The New Rector of St. James's.

**S**PEAKING of the retirement of Provost Welch to accept the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, the *Trinity University Review* says: "On December 3rd, Dr. Welch announced that, after much hesitation and acting on the

magnificent denunciation of "mere literature." However, to continue. "This monograph will be a fresh presentation of Cromwell, the man, the fighter and the statesman, as seen by one to whom personal experience has brought a new and more thorough understanding of this strenuous character. It will show a man of action in history, as viewed by a younger man of action to-day."

Could we but know how Governor Roosevelt's "personal experience" in wrestling with Tammany, educating policemen, and skirmishing in Cuba, had brought him a "new understanding" of Cromwell's character, we should be content to despise the tolerably clear picture drawn by that "mere student," Carlyle, of the great Puritan, who held the fate of England in his blood-stained hands. As man, fighter, and statesman, this sombre figure has been familiar to us for years, notwithstanding the peaceful, and perhaps even studious, nature of our lives. We may not all admire him as we should—his qualities were not of an engaging order—but we do not place him and Governor Roosevelt side by side as "men of action." A correct knowledge of historical perspective forbids the grouping.—*Agnes Repplier in Life.*

#### Why Officers Expose Themselves.

**T**HE *Broad Arrow*, the official paper of the British army service, replies to the civilian critics who condemn the officers who expose themselves and lead charges against the enemy, instead of employing caution and duplicity in advancing. The *Broad Arrow* says: "One has to imagine British officers bobbing, and ducking, and staying behind every bit of cover and their men imitating them to realize the time wasted, and the consequent increased casualties resulting from a prolonged advance. To get through the fire zone and come to close quarters as quickly as possible is, notwithstanding the expenditure of lives, so evidently less costly than hanging about that it is wonderful it has not struck the civilian mind with irresistible force. Deplorable as all loss of life is, the sacrifice of the officers who fell, and those who will still fall until all fighting is over, saves the lives of five times that number of the rank and file, besides insuring victory so long as one survives. It is nothing new, and it is to be hoped that it never will be new enough to provoke special comment from those who really know how war is waged. The rest of



FIELD MARSHALL LORD ROBERTS,  
Who leaves England to-day to take command of the British Forces in South Africa.

advice of the Bishops and other members of the Corporation, he had decided to accept the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral. It is only because we feel that it is in the interests of the Church in general and of St. James' in particular, that we can view this decision with anything but the strongest disapproval. During his short term of office, the Provost has won the respect and esteem of everyone from "don" to freshman and we can hardly yet realize what a loss his resignation will be to us. Dr. Welch, before coming here, was rector of St. Bede's church, Gateshead, in the Diocese of Durham, England. In October, 1895, he was installed here as Vice-Chancellor of the University and Provost of Trinity College, and at the same time the degree of D.C.L. (*honoris causa*) was conferred on him. Since that time the Provost has often shown that nothing is nearer to his heart than the interests of Trinity, and we feel sure that, though he has been called to another sphere of duty, he will not soon forget our beloved Alma Mater."

#### The Muse of History.

**F**anyone wishes both amusement and instruction—which twofold blessings do not always amble in company—he cannot do better than read the admirable paragraph in which the publishers of Governor Roosevelt's Life of Oliver Cromwell announce its advent to the world. It is a short paragraph, but fraught with really attractive problems for the inquisitive mind.

"Governor Roosevelt"—so it begins—"has written a monograph on Cromwell, a character in whom, as might be expected, he has long been interested." Why might this be expected, we wonder? Why should Governor Roosevelt be more interested in Cromwell than in Job, or Henry the Eighth, or John Wesley? And why should the public be supposed to discern intuitively his historical preferences? For all we know, Cicero or Peter the Great may have been the objects of his lifelong homage. "It is to be observed," continues the announcement, "that this will not be the history of a mere student, compiled with much research, but with little experience of affairs." What experience Governor Roosevelt has had in Cromwell's affairs, or in any affairs which remotely resembled Cromwell's, is not apparent; but no one can fail to be pleased with such fine and abundant contempt for the "mere student"—worm that he is! It reminds us agreeably of Professor Seeley's

the world must continue to wonder and to lament if it pleases them so to do."

#### Literature in Canada.

**T**HE Canadian *Gazette* (London, Eng.) says: Mr. Robert Barr's "jumbling remarks"—the phrase is his own—on Literature in Canada, in last month's *Canadian Magazine* are far from worthy of the subject. An unkind critic might fairly go farther and suggest that they seemed designed chiefly to serve as a peg for a eulogy of the *Detroit Free Press* and the editorial discernment of Mr. W. O. Fraser. But it is more to the point to protest against Mr. Barr's sweeping denunciation of Canada as "about the poorest book market in the world outside of Senegambia." The "bold truth" is, according to Mr. Barr, that Canada has the money to spend on books, but prefers to spend it on whiskey. And this of the first country in the world to consider practically the expediency of enforcing national prohibition! Mr. Barr promises in a second contribution to expound the true means of reclaiming the Dominion "from literary darkness and rye whiskey." As a temperance reformer we wish him well. But as an authority on "Literature in Canada" it would not be out of place for him first to point his readers to any nation which, at a corresponding stage of its development, can boast of a better record than Canada can fairly claim in the world of letters, when all the circumstances of its condition and its environment are considered.

Lord Aberdeen has now completely recovered from his recent illness, and was able to deliver a lecture on Canada at Aberdeen, last Thursday, says that saucy London paper, *Modern Society*. There was once a Parliamentarian who was known as "Single Speech Hamilton," because he only once spoke—and that brilliantly—in the House. Lord Aberdeen will soon be known as "Single Lecture Aberdeen," for he has entertained a good many audiences with that lecture on Canada. The Aberdeenians, much to their chagrin, got only "cauld kall het again."

Sopwith—Lombardo says there is no difference between genius and madness. Waggle—Pardon me; madness gets three square meals a day.—*Life.* Anyone having a second class horse he would like to trade for a kingdom would do well to consult Aguinaldo.—*The Chicago Record.*

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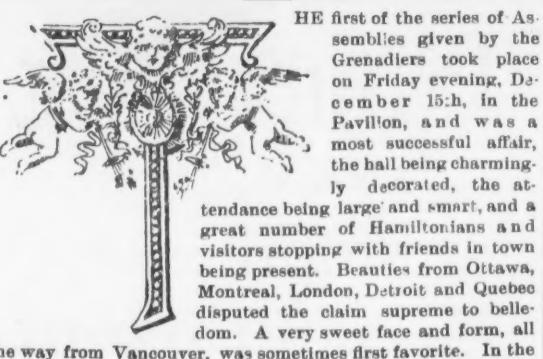
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## Social and Personal.



HE first of the series of Assemblies given by the Grenadiers took place on Friday evening, December 15th, in the Pavilion, and was a most successful affair, the hall being charmingly decorated, the attendance being large and smart, and a great number of Hamiltonians and visitors stopping with friends in town being present. Beauties from Ottawa, Montreal, London, Detroit and Quebec disputed the claim supreme to belle-dom. A very sweet face and form, all the way from Vancouver, was sometimes first favorite. In the midst of the fan—when supper was about to be served—came the news of General Buller's reverse, and every red-coat was as glum as possible. Quite a number of those who had friends in Africa left rather early, the remainder of their anxieties being incompatible with the jollity of a dance. Captain Albert Gooderham and Captain S. A. Heward, Hon. Secretary, were busy men, and as usual did their part nobly. That most charming and graceful woman, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, is in mourning, and her absence was much regretted. A feature of this dance was the music, a veritable star aggregation taking the place of the usual orchestra. Three bandmasters were in it, Mr. Slater doing great execution on a big trombone, Mr. Wadron also fingering cunningly, and Mr. Bayley, with the baton, conducting in flae style. I have no: often heard as good two-steps, though the waltzes were in pretty warm time and collars wilted. As the orchestra was gotten together in a few hours anyone would have made allowances had the music not been good; but, as a matter of fact, it was excellent. Williams served a very nice supper and the tables were prettily set, the round table for the officers and lady friends being particularly well done in crimson and white. Round this table were the red-coats and their ladies fair. A particularly smart and lovely visitor was the guest of Mrs. Alfred Cameron, in white satin with pink roses. Miss Bell of Ottawa wore a white satin and chiffon gown with pearls, in which she was a picture. Among the debutantes were Miss VanderSmissen, in white silk; Miss Cooke, in white silver and silver embroidery; Miss E. McArthur, in white mouseline and lace; Miss Burn of Ottawa, in primrose with bouquet of violets; Miss Spragge, in a becoming and dainty gown; Miss Falconbridge, in shell pink; Miss Young, in white; Miss Massey, a lovely debutante, in white silk; Miss Eva Delamere, in a pretty white frock; Miss Florence Vivian, in white silk and lace. Other girls with the *savoir faire* of more than one season were Miss Violet Gooderham, a stunning Gibson girl, in rich blue satin; Miss Aileen Gooderham, in a very Frenchy and sweetly pretty figured rose and white silk overdress, striped with black, and pleated white underdress over rose silk; Miss Mabel Lee wore a pink silk; Miss Blanche Wellington wore yellow; Miss Laing wore navy and white figured foulard, with pointed overdress. Among the young matrons Mrs. Morang was easily first in an elegant gown of pink satin, veiled in black net, embroidered with silver paillettes, and the brides of the year were led by Mrs. George Carruthers, in white satin and lace bertha; Mrs. Irish, in yellow, with a very quaint overdress sheathing her slight *petite* form, and Mrs. Jack Brodie, in white satin and lace. Mrs. Victor Armstrong wore a very smart buttercup brocade, and was a much sought after partner; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore pale blue satin, with white lace overdress. A pretty little debutante was Miss Nairn of Jarvis street in a white frock, who came with her elder sister, the latter well gowned in blue. Miss Gyp Armstrong wore a wonderful dress of pearl, embroidered lace over blue, glistening and clinging to the slim wearer. Miss Seymour and Miss Jarvis were lovely in black gowns, so was Mrs. Tolmie Craig, in a stylish white and black silk relieved with touches of orange. Madame Rocheure de la Sabliere wore pale blue and black, very prettily designed and made. Mrs. Cleve Hall's sweet face was welcomed as in her girlish days. Mrs. Alfred Wright wore white satin and cerise, and her bright little sister, Miss Nicoll, wore pale blue. Miss Toinette Plumb was a dainty and charming little lady in white and pink silk, very prettily trimmed. Miss Beatrice Miles wore a dove gray gown with fringe trimmings and white lace bertha. Miss Mary Myles of Russell street was a bright and popular debutante. Miss Rosamond Boulter wore a blue and white gown. Miss Annie Michie was in pink, and looked very well. A graceful dancer was Miss Flaws of Rose avenue, in white ruched with black over rose silk. Miss Carrie Fuller was very pretty in pink satin. Miss Foster, a very smartly gowned girl, wore cerise lightly trimmed with black. Miss Matthews was becomingly gowned in white. Miss Sylvester was extremely dainty in a cerise and black frock, with guimpe of black lace and cerise dog-collar of velvet. Miss Jessie Montzgomery wore white with huge pink French roses in her pretty dark hair. Miss Montzamber, Miss Kingsmill and Miss Bessie Bethune were all very becomingly gowned. Miss Elsie Helliwell wore a black gown, so did Miss Ethel Palin, who looks splendid after her visit to the Old Country. Miss Wilkes of Thistledale was in pale blue. Mrs. W. Mulock wore pink brocade. Miss Florrie Patterson, who came with her brother, a welcome visitor, was in a smartly made black gown. Miss Heaven wore pale yellow with black lace. Mrs. Harman brought Miss Harman, both mother and daughter well gowned in black, Miss Harman's frock being lightened with pale blue velvet. Miss Mollie Plummer was very handsome in a black gown with red roses. Mrs. Bruce and her gallant Colonel and the popular Colonel of the Q. O. R. and his lady were to be seen among the chaperones with Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. VanderSmissen, Mrs. Fred Lee, Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mrs. Gooderham of Wavenny and Mrs. Vivian. It will be seen that there was no shortage in the attendance at the dance, even though three other affairs were on the *tapis*. A few of the men were: Commodore and Mr. Tom Plummer, Major Tassie, Dr. King, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Boyd Magee, Mr. E. S. Cox, Mr. Wm. Cooke, Mr. Marriot, Mr. Temple McMurrich, Mr. Charlie Lee, Mr. Frank McLean, Captain Wyatt, Captain Boyd, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Wilkes, Captain Sloane, Mr. D. Harman, Captain J. T. Craig, Mr. Morang, Mr. Ricarde Seaver, Dr. Pyne, Mr. Laing, Mr. George Carruthers, Mr. Gibson, Dr. Vivian, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Charlie McDonald, Mr. Geary, Mr. Mulock, Mr. Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee have quite a party for the holidays. Mrs. Jack Michie came down from Gravenhurst on Wednesday for a week at home. Mr. Fisher from Winnipeg is also down. Mr. Butelle is another guest, and Mr. Albert Taylor is up from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Lee are never so happy as when making their friends welcome to their delightful home, and Miss Mabel heartily seconds them.

Mr. Sandy of *Outing*, New York, and Mrs. Alfred Denison will spend Christmas with their mother, Mrs. Sandy, in Chatham.

The most successful canvasser for the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT was a little Chatham girl, Miss Shirley Errett, who sent in the name of 125 subscribers, and broke the record for this year. Miss Errett is a very bright and winsome child, whose canvass was apparently irresistible, and comes of a remarkably clever family. She is also our youngest agent.

On Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock Mrs. Ida Hetherington, (nee Fitch of Atherley), and Captain George Brooke were quietly married in All Saints' church, Rev. Arthur Baldwin officiating. The bride wore white brocade and lace, and white hat with feathers. Only a family party witnessed the ceremony. Miss Irene Somerville of Atherley and Miss Gwen Cockburn-Clemow of Ottawa, nieces of the bride, attended her, very simply and daintily gowned in white organdie and

lace, with pink chiffon sashes and black velvet picture hats. Mr. Harold Brooke, brother of the groom, was best man. Later in the afternoon Captain and Mrs. Brooke, with Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, sr., were part of Mrs. Somerville's reception party at Atherley, after which the bride and groom left for Detroit, and will spend the honeymoon in the West. Mrs. Brooke has a charming home in Jarvis street, which has been done up most attractively recently and will be a very happy home which will be presided over by an experienced and always cordial hostess.

The workers of the Lend-a-Hand Mission, corner Parliament and Spruce streets, are again making their annual appeal to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT for donations of cash, groceries, provisions of any kind, meats, fruits, fowl, confectionery, etc., etc., towards their Christmas basket distribution and soup-kitchen amongst deserving sick and destitute families. From the liberal response received during past seasons they feel confidence in coming before the public again. As they are non-denominational, with no church backing, their work is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. Donations of left-off clothing will be very acceptable.

Mrs. John Ferguson and Miss Ferguson of Niagara Falls are staying at the Rossin House while in town. Miss Ferguson was very handsome and much admired at the Grenadiers' Dance.

The young people of Whitby had a very successful dance in the Public Library Hall. Mrs. J. H. Downey and Mrs. T. G. Whittle were the chaperons.

Toronto society will welcome back Mr. B. Morton Jones, who after an absence of nearly five years has returned to resume the practice of his profession in Toronto. He will reside, as formerly, at The Rectory, Bloor street west.

The visit of Dr. Merrill Hopkinson to Toronto will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to be bidden by Mrs. McDowell Thomson to hear him sing, upon the occasion of her recent tea. Over fifty hurriedly summoned guests turned up, and Dr. Hopkinson delighted them with many songs, his beautiful basso being heard to great advantage. Dr. Hopkinson is a Boston physician, a pot singer down east, and was introduced to Mr. Torrington last summer on the Maine Coast by Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson. Mr. and Mrs. Riddell were also spending the summer in that neighborhood and the gifted singer made them all his friends. Unfortunately Mrs. Hopkinson was not able to accompany him to Toronto and enjoy several pleasant affairs given in his honor. Mrs. McDowell Thomson's tea was prettily served by McConkey, the decorations being crimson and white roses, and ribbons. The kind young hostess was, as usual, most cordial and happy in her welcome to her friends, who owe her much gratitude for giving them so much pleasure.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, Miss Quinlan gave a pretty and enjoyable afternoon tea, at her home in Selby street, for her sister Mrs. Janes' guest, Mrs. Stinson of Hamilton. Miss Quinlan and her niece, Miss Temple Dixon, have the most homelike and cosy house, and entertain in a simple and delightful way. The cold and snowstorm did not at all interfere with the success of Thursday's affair, for the attraction was sufficient to tempt friends to overlook the vagaries of the weather. A very pleasant hour was spent, and tea and good things of the daintiest, with delicious "cup," were served in the dining-room. Mrs. Stinson has made many friends during her visit, and will be welcome again. Among the guests on Thursday were Mrs. and Miss Irene Gurney, Miss Constance Boulton, Miss Beardmore, Miss Constance Beardmore, Mrs. and the Misses Janes, Mrs. Stupart, Miss Dallas, the Misses Carrie and Ruth Jones, Miss Huston, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. George Dickson, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Macdougall and her guest, Miss McDonald, Mrs. Hargratt, Mrs. Walter Andrews, Miss Ada Hart, who also brought a fair guest. Miss Temple Dixon very gracefully assisted the hostess in looking after the guests. Mrs. Stinson returned to Hamilton on Saturday.

After the Horse Show in November Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blakely went south from New York for the benefit of Mr. Blakely's health, and did not return to Toronto until this week. Mr. and Mrs. Hees are still in New York. Mrs. Hees' health is still far from satisfactory. Miss Bessie Hees is in Detroit with her relatives, where she awaits her parents' decision for the South or a return to Toronto. Last Thursday, December 11, Mrs. Nairn of Kelvinside gave a debutante tea to introduce her daughter to society. Miss Carrie Nairn, the debutante, in a pretty white com-out frock, received with her mother, and two sisters, one a matron, Mrs. Robertson of British Columbia, and the other a popular member of Toronto society, were also in the reception room, while Mrs. Ralph King, Miss Aggie Nairn, Miss Sophie Michie and Miss Kate Scott took charge of one tea-room, while Miss Isabel Nairn and Miss Sylvester were in another. One table was done in crimson roses, the second, in holly, quite anticipative of the coming festival. A large party of ladies enjoyed this very nice and well-arranged tea, and welcomed a sweet young girl to the gay doings of the New Year.

The Home for Incurable Children, a new charity, and one appealing strongly to all, was opened on Saturday to receive children incapable of recovery and whose stay in the Children's Hospital has reached its limit, while their youth precludes their admission to the Home for Incurables in Parkdale. Senator Cox took the chair at a meeting, at which the Home was dedicated, and after which the guests inspected the Home and partook of afternoon tea, prettily served by Miss Gzowski, Miss K. Cassells, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Mara and Miss Livingstone. Among the guests were: Mr. Gzowski and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. Ross Robertson (earnestly interested in this supplemental charity as in his own particular pet and delight, the Sick Children's Hospital) and Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Godfrey, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Kay, Mr. I. H. Cameron, Mrs. J. D. Thorburn, Mrs. Walter and the Misses Cassells, Mrs. Heron and Mr. Jackson, Mr. Justice Osler, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Mackenzie and some hundred others.

The engagement of Captain Armstrong and Miss Massey is announced.



Young Peter (who has at last achieved a watch, accosting a gentleman in the street)—Don't you want to know what time it is.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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### Recommended by Physicians.

About one year and a half ago I was taken with a severe cough, without any apparent cause, and was sorely afflicted. In January I began to grow very weak, and from that time up to seven weeks ago my ailments multiplied; and it seemed to me, and to nearly everybody in the community, that I had but a few more weeks, or, at most, months, to live. In January I wrote and described my condition to a friend, a physician of Boston, and he advised me by all means to get a bottle of Angier's Petroleum Emulsion.

I had already taken much sickening medicine; and, thinking your Emulsion was like cod liver oil, I felt that I could not take it. But my friend urged me to every effort to get it, assuring me that it was pleasant to take. In the meantime I was taking bottle after bottle of the popular remedies but grew worse under each in turn.

Two months ago I believed I was fast nearing the end; and at that time, receiving another letter from my friend, urging me more than ever to get your Emulsion, I thought I would try it.

On the day that I began to take it I had one of the most distressing coughs imaginable. I had short breath, and could not stand upright in my room without the aid of a chair to support me. I had been growing weaker and weaker for eight months, and at times I seemed to have no more strength than a little child; and, in connection with this, there was a continual sensation of puffing in my ears, something like that of a steam engine. I had no appetite, and sometimes for days I could not eat as much as I can now at one meal; and, lastly, my legs below the knees had swollen to two or three times their natural size. I seemed to have no energy or ambition left, and felt that I would about as soon die as live.

By the time that I had taken one bottle of your Petroleum Emulsion I felt like a well man, and have been able to work on my farm all day since. I have been able to take this Emulsion less than two and a half bottles. My health is pretty well restored, and I am almost cured of my cough, and am troubled rarely with shortness of breath. The swelling has almost disappeared from my legs, and the trembling weakness that accompanied the swelling has given way to a return of my full strength. My cure seems to be complete, and is as wonderful to this community as it is pleasant to me. The first week I took four teaspoonsful per day; since then I have taken only three per day. I mix a teaspoonful of the Emulsion in a wineglass half full of milk, and it makes as pleasant a drink as I ever tasted.

I will state that I did not have early manhood on my side to help throw off the disease; I am fifty-nine years old.

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### Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. John Strachan Johnston and Miss May Murray Walker, youngest daughter of Mr. David Walker, took place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 374 Victoria street, the residence of the bride's father. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Armstrong Black, and Miss Margaret Huston sang two beautiful solos. The ceremony took place in the drawing room, where palms, ferns and flowers were arranged to form a sanctuary before which the service was performed. Miss Walker's bridal gown was of white satin, with guippe and sleeves of lace, and was draped with lace applique. She wore a tulle veil fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a round bouquet of lily-of-the-valley set in a holder of lace. An interesting ornament to the bridal robe was a pearl and diamond brooch, the gift of the bride's sisters. Miss Jessie Rowand was maid of honor, wearing a white satin gown, paillette with silver, and lace guippe and sleeves, a lace veil with tulle and silver papillon, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses. Miss Marie Owens of Chicago was bridesmaid, looking very smart in a pink cloth gown with lace front under a Bolero jacket, with white tulle turban and muff, and bouquets of pink roses, following the color note of the bridal party, which color was accentuated in the attire of two little maids, nieces of the bride, Miss Phyllis Moffat and Miss Marion Gibson, whose frocks, Greenaway bonnets and muffs were all pink. Mr. Frank Johnston, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. H. Johnston, Mr. W. Ferguson, Mr. Percy Manning and Mr. Frank Drake. The bride and groom received the hearty congratulations of the friends invited to witness the marriage, and the wedding breakfast was set at small tables in the various rooms. Rev. Armstrong Black proposed the health of the bride. Mrs. Johnston went away in a black broadcloth gown, worn with bear ba and muff, and violet velvet toque with mink trimming.

Miss Jessie Denison was the hostess of the Euchre Club on Wednesday evening, and a very pleasant game was followed by a dance, which all enjoyed very much.

The opening of the Western Hospital was such a popular event that several late comers did not try for an entrance to the building at all, but were obliged to turn homeward or to some other engagement. The old McDonnell homestead in Bathurst street, with its spacious surroundings of trees and lawns, has been transformed into a very fine and up-to-date hospital over whose fortunes a large and influential patronage will watch. Two stunningly gowned and gracious patronesses who received the guests were Mrs. Price Brown and Mrs. Timothy Eaton. Mrs. Thomas Crawford, Mrs. George Campbell, Mrs. Carveth and Mrs. Jennings were also on the reception committee. The decorations were patriotic and very effective, and the concert programme and speeches above the average interest. A tremendous lot of smart people turned out to the opening and took great interest in the presentation of diplomas to the nurses of the graduating class, as well as said many nice things about the admirable and well equipped institution in which their time of training is passed. The Western Hospital deserves well of the liberal public.

The toast of "Our Guests" should be often heard in Toronto this week, for rarely have so many friends been entertained by the residents. Among the dinners, teas and luncheons given in their honor were, a Hunt Club dinner for Mrs. Bob Fleming by Mr. and Mrs. Magann; a tea for Mrs. Yates of Montreal, who with Dr. Yates is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Bunting; half a dozen theater parties with suppers to follow; a pretty dinner for twelve at a downtown restaurant, and any number of small informal affairs.

On Sunday afternoon at least a dozen well known hostesses had the pleasure of introducing a charming guest to the faithful five o'clockers, and again at supper time to invited or chance visitors. Mrs. McPhedran asked some friends one afternoon to meet the Ottawa beauty, Miss Marguerite Bell, who has gone home for Christmas.

The marriage of Mr. Angus MacMurphy and Miss Helen Craick of Port Hope takes place at the residence of the bride's parents next Wednesday, December 27.

On Thursday afternoon, December 14, the marriage of Mr. Albert Blakelock of London, England, and Miss May Louise Alexander of Lindsay, niece of Dr. Martin of Carlton street, took place in St. Peter's church. The bride wore white poplin, with Irish point lace with guippe and sleeves of net, paillette in silver, and a veil of Irish point lace, and carried bride roses. Miss Maud Alexander, Miss Dora Pack and Miss Bessie Williams were her attendants, in blue silk, over petticoats of flounced mouseline, black velvet hats, and carried pink roses. Mr. Robert Pack was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Wharton and Mr. Evans of Montreal. Dr. and Mrs. Norman Allen, the bride's cousins, gave the reception, their home being a bower of Christmas decorations, and bright with the presence of a happy circle of relatives and friends, who wished the bride and groom every good thing, and afterwards discussed dainty refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Blakelock left immediately for the home of the groom in England. Many very handsome presents will serve to remind the bride of her Canadian friends. Her gift from the groom was a pendant of diamonds; to the three maids he gave pearl and turquoise hearts.

Mrs. R. Gordon McLean (nee Andison) held her post-nuptial reception at her residence, 383 Markham street, on Tuesday afternoon and evening. The bride received in her wedding gown of white satin duchesse with guippe of shirred chiffon,

and was assisted by her sister and bridesmaid, Miss Nene Andison of Woodstock. Miss Lillian Burns, Miss Cranston of Galt, Miss Bessie Young and Miss Ryrie were in the tea-room, where the *buffet* was very prettily done in pink carnations with holly and Christmas green for the festal season so near at hand. Over a hundred visitors called to welcome Mrs. McLean to Toronto.

Miss Elsie Tilley of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. H. Mason, 35 Pembroke street. Quite a number of Ottawa people are seen here from time to time, a fair exchange for the visitors we send down east.

The Chattan Literary Club will hold an At Home in St. George's Hall on Wednesday, December 27. Patronesses are Mrs. (Dr.) Adams, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Manley and Mrs. McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Northey have returned from their honeymoon and are stopping at the Rossin, where many friends will be glad to wish them the season's greetings. Mrs. Northey, as Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, was one of the most popular and charming girls in Toronto.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross has decided to go to the Pacific Coast instead of coming east this month. She is much enjoying her pioneer life at Columbia, and repeating the interesting and patriotic experiences she and her husband have already had more than once in the genesis of a new city.

Mrs. Parkin will not receive on her usual day, Thursday, during the vacation at Upper Canada College.

Mrs. B. B. Hughes is recovering from her long and serious illness, and to many enquirers it is good news that she hopes to be quite well in a few weeks.

A charming and cosy tea was given by Miss Daisy Boulton on Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Beall of New York. The guests of Mrs. Clarkson Jones.

There will be full choral matins and holy communion at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Christmas morning at eleven o'clock, at which the following special music will be rendered: Pro-cessional hymn, *While Shepherd Watched Their Flocks by Night*; traditional Venite; proper psalm; *To Deum; Anglican chants; Benedic; service in D (Woodward); hymn, *Hark! the Herald Angels Sing* (Mendelssohn); Kyrie (Thompson); offertory anthem, *For Unto Us a Child is Born* (Messiah, Handel); Sanctus (Stainer); Gloria in Excelsis (Zuener); Pater Noster (Field); recessional hymn, *O Come All Ye Faithful*; reading. The choir will be assisted by a small orchestra.*

A pleasant social event took place on Wednesday evening last at Grimsby. It was an At Home given by the Ladies' Golf Club at the opening of the new gymnasium of Mr. Droke's school for boys. The large airy room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, flags and bunting. Nearly one hundred guests were present from Grimsby, Hamilton and surrounding towns. Weaver's orchestra supplied the music for dancing, which was prolonged to the wee sma' hours! A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a lady's driver by Mr. Droke to Miss Nina Wolverton, the winner of the championship of the club.

Mr. Joseph E. Atkinson, late of the Montreal *Herald*, is appointed managing editor of the *Star* of this city, a position that will enable him to renew acquaintance with many friends here, where he graduated from the *Globe*. Mr. Atkinson is stopping at the Rossin until his wife and family remove from Montreal. Mrs. Atkinson is also well known as a clever writer over the pen-name of Madge Merton.

The fifth annual charity ball in aid of the Toronto Hebrew Benevolent Societies will be held in the Assembly hall of the Temple building next Wednesday evening, December 27, at 9 o'clock, and friends of the Jewish community take much interest in its success.

Miss Tottie Nicholl has returned home to Cookstown for Christmas. Mrs. Rogers (nee McTavish) of Winnipeg, after a pleasant stay in Toronto, returned home a few days since.

Mrs. Leonard Barnes, Miss Marie Owens of Chicago, and Mrs. Woodward of New York were guests in town to attend the Johnston Walker nuptials.

St. Margaret's College was crowded with guests for Mrs. Dickson's At Home on Friday evening of last week. The lady principal, in most artistic and picturesque gown, received with all the winning cordiality which is one of her many charming "ways," and everyone enjoyed the affair. "The growth of St. Margaret's is a wonder" remarked a lady visitor, but it is not wonderful to those who know the capability and the devotion of Mrs. Dickson and her unerring judgment in choosing her assisting forces. She deserves all her success.

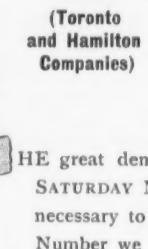
The "Nice Kids," those dear wee people of the N. K. (Normal kindergarten) held their Christmas closing yesterday morning with great success.

Our Front Page Illustration.

The drawing on the front page of this week's issue was specially made for SATURDAY NIGHT by Mr. John Innes, the artist, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the Canadian Northwest, and particularly in the ranching country around Calgary. In this picture, Caught in the Storm, the artist has so well conveyed the feeling of the scene—swirling snow and biting wind—that to look at it steadily for a moment almost causes one to shiver in sympathy with the man in the foreground. Mr. Innes made sketches for several paintings while in the West, and will contribute a couple more excellent drawings to SATURDAY NIGHT in the next few weeks.

# Our Picture Flag

Canadian "C" Company  
Contingent



HE great demand for the flag picture issued along with SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER has made it necessary to print a second edition of the Flag—of the Number we could not—which sells at 10c. per copy.

This flag picture is in colors on fine coated paper, with three inch margin, suitable for framing, and contains 128 single portraits, including Col. Otter, Capt. Barker, Lieut. Marshall, the four lady nurses, the three war correspondents and 118 officers and men from Toronto and Hamilton, who are now fighting for the Empire in South Africa.

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After school on Thursday one schoolboy made a profit of \$2.50 taking orders for this flag picture.

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WE are showing some very dainty novelties in the above lines. Solid Gold, Sterling Silver and Gun Metal. The Pencils are not mere show pieces, but are intended for use even more than ornament—Bankers' Pencils for instance, using three different colored leads for checking purposes.

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LADIES' FANCY EVENING SLIP, in all the newest patterns, Kid and Patent Leather, from..... \$1.50 to \$3.00

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December 23, 1899

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5



## For Gifts

### AN EIDERDOWN QUILT

The suggestion occurs because of the enormous stock of these specially imported for Christmas selling. The finest assortment and best values we have ever shown. Pure down. Reversible coverings of the handsomest French printed Sateens, in appearance equal to silk. Also silk coverings of exquisite design in reversible combinations of light with dark patterns.

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is stylish looking and particularly useful. Choice from over a hundred different designs in the Scottish Clan and Family Tartans. Also in plain colors, fancy plaids, and in reversible combinations of plaid with plain color. In a full length design, we have the "Strathcona" wrap (also made in reversible all-wool cloaking). This makes a very select gift.

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### Christmas

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### Social and Personal.

The traditions of Athelstane have fallen upon Atherley, which is, being interpreted, that Mrs. Somerville's tea on Saturday was, in spite of the spaciousness of her home and the gloom of the day, a veritable crush. Everyone was interested in seeing for themselves how much taste and generous expenditure would transform an always beautiful home, and their curiosity was amply and pleasantly gratified, if one might judge from the words of appreciation heard everywhere. The drawing-rooms are so daintily and brightly decorated, and the magnificent hall and stairway are both artistic and homelike. A decoration of the latter which outdid for a brief half-hour the fairest dream of architect or upholsterer, was observed when a party of beautiful girls betook themselves to the vantage of the broad steps, and, leaning over the balustrade, exchanged laughing greetings and smiles with the close-packed crowd surging through the wide portal of the dining-room, where a refreshment table was brilliant with floral decoration of Meteor roses and crimson-shaded candles in huge silver candelabra, and where Webb's men served every possible dainty. Mrs. Somerville, in a beautiful toilette of black lace and sparkling jet, received in the small drawing-room, and was the first of a radiant line of hostesses and hosts. Miss Irene Somerville, in her white bridesmaid's frock, and Mrs. Fred Somerville, in rose pink silk, with overlaid coin-spots of black and white and airy chiffon trimmings, were assisted by the master of the house and his sons, while further on a bridal party—Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, father and mother of the groom, and Mr. Van Ingen of Woodstock, a relative—were congratulated and wished all sorts of good things by their many friends. The young ladies who did their best to serve the merry six hundred in the course of the afternoon were Miss Lilia Mackay, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Gwenwynn Cookburn-Clemow of Ottawa, and Miss Muriel Steele of Hamilton. A very good orchestra played on the landing upstairs, and altogether the reception was a great success. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Parsons and Miss Parsons, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Greene and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and her clever niece Miss Crossen of Cobourg, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. Walter Denison, Miss Michie of Westholme, Mrs. Harrison and Miss Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Mullens, Captain and Mrs. Charles Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Burritt, Mrs. and the Misses Cattanach, Mr. Ernest Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Allen Aylsworth, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. and Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Robert Darling, Mr. W. Darling, Mrs. Russell, Messrs. Sydney Band, Cockburn, Geary, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Dudemain, Mackay, Gillmore.

Mrs. W. McC. Miller, with her little ones, Dorothy and Margaret, has gone to New York to spend Christmas with her parents, and will not return until after the New Year.

Little Miss Olive Walker gave a very jolly dance last Saturday evening from half-past seven to eleven o'clock. The programmes were designed and painted by this clever little lady and much appreciated by her young friends.

Mr. James A. Messer was in town for a few days. He expects to reach his southern home in Washington in time for the Christmas festivities at the Capitol.

Knox College was *en fete* on Tuesday evening, and a very large and smart party gathered in its spacious corridors and reception rooms, between eight and nine o'clock, and were received by Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Miss Caven, Mrs. McFayden and others. Miss Mowat, who was chief lady patroness, came in a very dainty pink gown veiled with fine white lace; Mr. Jim Elmsley was *aidé*, and Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat were also of the Government House party; Mrs. Mowat wore a black gown relieved with cerise; Mrs. J. K. Macdonald wore black satin brightened with sequin embroidery and a white satin vest; Mrs. George Dickson of St. Margaret's was handsomely gowned in Venetian red and white with white shirred chiffon bodice and touches of gold; Miss Alice Cummins was with Mr. and Mrs. Dickson. The decoration committee simply outdid themselves this year, and it is a yearly marvel to me how they can take the infinite thought and pains necessary to transform stern old Knox College just for one night's enjoyment to their fair friends. However, to the student, whose idea of fun is to walk miles arm in arm with a succession of beauties, nothing should be impossible. The dens of the men in residence were hospitably thrown open on Tuesday evening, and quaint and quaint they are, not with the luxury and daintiness of Trinity, but with a business-like touch of work in the fittings and a touch also of humor in some of the inscriptions and mottoes upon the walls. Nice girls sat and looked at photographs at a table, instead ofudding among gorgeous cushions in a cosy corner, or toasting tiny toes before a grate fire; but their hosts were just as much delighted with them and just as proud to receive them as if the hangings of their dens had been of Utrecht velvet and their rugs from Turkistan. And indeed had one desired nice refreshments there were plenty of such in commons, where a long *buffet* was served during the evening, and where I saw many well known people taking a sandwich or an ice in great good humor. Mr. Mortimer Clark escorted Miss Mowat, and his two fair daughters, in pretty and simple evening frocks, were also present; Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gordon; Miss Mima Carruthers; the pretty songstress of the earlier evening, Mrs. Knox; Mr. and Mrs. Alec Fraser; Mrs. G. W. Ross; Miss Neillie Ross, in a charming black frock, touched with pale green and pale orange velvet; Mrs. Archie Campbell, from the Junction, and her slim young *debutante*, the second Miss Campbell; a host of charmingly fresh and pretty young creatures, mostly in white frocks, suggesting a *debut* for the fair wearers, and plenty of men and to spare—professors in hood and graduates in gowns, and one who persistently wore his cap, which looked absent-minded of him and recalled Kipling's latest song. About twelve the last strains of the orchestra sent them all happily home.

The closing concert of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place on Monday evening before a crowded audience in the assembly hall of the Church of the Redeemer. The programme included fourteen numbers and the students acquitted themselves admirably, their music and elocution being of an advanced order of merit. His Mother's Sermon, a recitation by Miss Jean Crozier, was very much admired and applauded. The students taking part were: Misses Nasmyth, MacEachern, Carlyle, Haywood, Flo McDiarmid, Beattie, Radcliffe, Gibson, Crozier and Morin. A very fine duet for piano and violin, by Misses Lena Hayes and Bessie Burgar, A.T.C.M., was a notable number. After the concert Mrs. McIntyre, the lady principal, received a number of invited guests in the college drawing-rooms, and refreshments were nicely served, while the cordial and home-like atmosphere of this pleasant seat of learning was, as usual, most conducive to the pleasure of the guests. The concert platform was prettily decorated for the evening, and several prominent gentlemen gave addresses, among them Principal Caven, Rev. W. C. Wallace, Rev. Armstrong Black, Rev. Professor McFayden, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, and Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of Education. The social function which is annually looked forward

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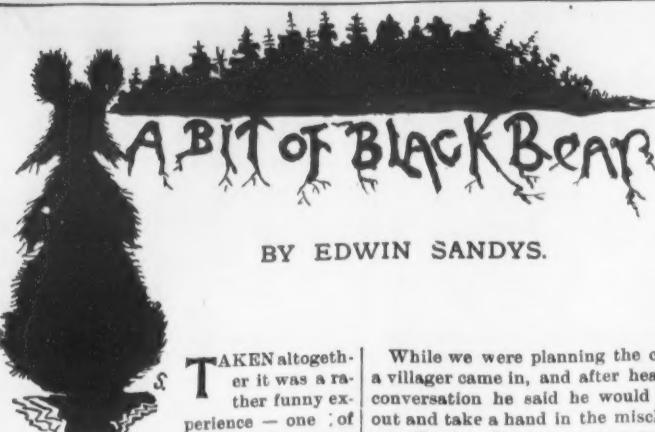
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</div



TAKEN altogether it was a rather funny experience—one of those jolly farces which raise the biggest kind of a laugh and which do men good (after the thing is over).

I had gone to Michigan woods in quest of change, not currency, you understand, for there wasn't a spare dollar in the wretched, charcoal-burning settlement which formed my temporary home. But there was game in plenty; black bear, deer, ruffed grouse, and above all, pigeons! These latter absolutely swarmed.

A few miles from my rude headquarters was a resting place—a "rookery," the natives called it, and the netting of the then plentiful, but now rare "long tails," was a very profitable occupation for a certain set of wiry old smoke-tanned natives who knew the passenger pigeon and his habits as well as they did the meaning of an invitation to "step up to the bar—and have you sumthin'!"

These men greatly interested me. They knew the ways of bird and beast; their practical knowledge was the result of long experience, and they were better than books. I naturally fraternized with them, and from our rather pleasant intercourse I learned many things which have been mighty useful during later experiences.

These men made friends slowly, but they made them for keeps. For some time they rather ignored me, but at last



one of the clan accidentally discovered that I could make a net. From that moment my popularity was assured, for a man who could make or mend a net was a good man to know. Pigeon netters fully appreciated a man who could whittle out a hickory "needle" and a "mash," as they styled it, and swiftly repair damages. When I learned the trick from the lake fishermen, I never expected to put it to practical use, but circumstances alter cases, and so my netting proved valuable in the end.

The most accomplished hunter of the county, and, incidentally, the king of the pigeon-trappers, was a man named Lewis—peace be to his ashes!

One day he came into the general resort, the sole tavern of the miserable village, and he told a tale of woe. Pigeons were unusually plentiful; everybody in the business was making good catches: "It was a gol-durned shame for a man to miss the cream of it, but his net was busted!"

He had the best of "stool-birds" and the best "bed" in the neighborhood; but his net had been badly used by his sons, and, temporarily at least, he was knocked out. He would give almost anything to whoever could properly repair damages, and so save him the delay of sending the net away to an expert.

Upon learning of his trouble I volunteered to help him out, but Lewis was sceptical. In his opinion I was one of those town "fellers" who didn't know anything, but necessity knows no law, so after some figuring he gave a half-hearted consent that I should try what I could do. A little practical demonstration speedily converted him, and after the net had been properly mended and duly handed over, Lewis became my sworn friend—all the more readily because there was no charge for my services.

In this way I became "solid" with one of the best big game hunters then in the Michigan woods, and it was entirely owing to the mending of the net that a sort of a net result, an experience with a bear, came off.

The pigeon season had passed, the successful trappers had sold their birds and were gradually getting rid of the cash proceeds over the bar or the card-table. Lewis was the only careful one, but even he had a faculty for exchanging money for grain-varieties of doubtful age. His log-house lay some distance from the village, yet the tough old boy managed to show up about six evenings per week. There were yarns afloat as to where he sometimes slept on his homeward route, but they have nothing to do with bear beyond the part the bare earth may have played.

One afternoon, toward the latter end of what represented Indian Summer in that locality, to me came Lewis, and he was in a great state of excitement. It seemed he had a lot of young pigeons which he had penned for fattening after their course of "mash" in the woods, and a bear had discovered the pig-pen and had carried off a shot or two nights previous to Lewis's visit to me.

The loss of the shot made the old man mad clear through, and he had sworn to get even with the black marauder, hence his call upon me. I had a very fine muzzle-loading gun which would throw buckshot famously, and Lewis had figured that such a weapon should be greatly superior to his rifle for night-work. My dearly-loved breach-loader (a rare good one) was, on account of the choke, unreliable for buckshot, so the upshot of the matter was that I agreed to go along with Lewis, to take the muzzle-loader—and to lay for the bear.

While we were planning the campaign a villager came in, and after hearing our conversation he said he would pilot me out and take a hand in the mischief that was *Bruin*. This man was a pot-hunter who shot grouse for the market, and he did his questionable work with an old musket which had a barrel longer than a twelve-month note, and about as uncertain. He had a playful habit of measuring the dose for the musket in his hand from a couple of bottles. He used newspaper for wadding, and when the emetic took effect and the old gun coughed up her burden the nearby trees rocked and the county paper covered territory which it had never before reached.

Well, we agreed to be at Lewis's place before dark, and early in the afternoon we hit the trail through the woods. After a stiffish tramp we reached the small clearing which Lewis was wont to dignify by the name of "his place."

Ye Gods! such a place. The old man had nibbled it out of the forest primeval and it looked as though he had quit his job about a year too soon. The crazy boundary fences formed an acute-angled triangle upon a ridge, the base of the triangle following the trail, while the apex extended to where the ridge narrowed and was finally lost in an ugly cedar swamp. Upon either side stood the unbroken forest, gloomy and forbidding. At the center of the base-line was Lewis's humble log-shanty, while near the apex and upon the highest knoll, was the pedlar, built, sides and roof, of the heaviest logs Lewis had been able to handle. Fully three-fourths of the triangular lot bristled with the remains of half-charged stumps, of all shapes and sizes. Taken altogether it was a mighty tough-looking spot.

After being introduced to "Ma'am" (for a wonder there were neither dogs nor children!) we had some rough fare, and then adjourned to the front yard in order to give Ma'am a chance to wash dishes and retire in peace. Carefully-loaded wagons were all ready, and we sat upon convenient sections of logs and conversed in low tones while waiting for the moon to climb above the black forest-line.

The plan of action decided upon was as follows: At the first sound from the pigpen, Lewis was to stand alone one side of the fence while I followed the other until we had reached positions abreast of the pigpen. Our friend of the musket meanwhile was to skirmish down the center of the lot as far as he dared and turn loose if he got a good chance.

He did!

At last the moon crept above the trees and we could distinguish nearby stumps fairly well. Soon after we heard noise from the direction of the pen—vague grunts and half-suppressed squealings, and a scratching as of claws upon logs.

"Thar he be," whispered Lewis, and we stole away, leaving our friend to cover our ground.

I reached my fence all right and snailed forward panel by panel—for I had no desire to beat Lewis to the pen!

After sneaking along for what felt like about one mile, I suddenly froze in my tracks. What was it—claws that I heard scraping at logs? Why, it might be the bear! Gad! it was the bear, and he surely was trying to break into the pen!

And there was another noise—a thunderous thumping and hammering. Surely the bear didn't have an axe or a maul? Finally, I traced this sound to my own neck, and I clenched my teeth, for I knew the thumping was my own heart

Fair Maiden (a summer boarder)—How savagely that cow looks at me! Farmer Hay—It's your red parasol, mum. Fair Maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.—*Ex.*

Mother—Willie, did the grocer tell you these eggs were fresh? Willie—He didn't say, but he told me to hurry home with them.—*Town Topics.*

First Tramp—Dese people what complain of dese work bein' too hard make me tired. Second Tramp—Dey do? First Tramp—Yes; why don't dey trow up de job—*Puck.*

Bridget—I can't stand the missus, sur. Von Blumer (sarcastically)—It's your pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.—*Tit Bits.*

Sure to Ask.

The Kind of Coffee When Postum is Well Made.

Three great coffee drinkers were my old school friend and her two daughters. They are always complaining and taking medicine to determine to save the Postum Food Coffee instead of coffee when they visit me, so without saying anything to them about it, I made a big pot of Postum the first morning, using four heaping teaspoons to the pint of water and let it boil twenty minutes, stirring down occasionally.

Before the meal was half over, each one passed up the cup to be refilled, remarking how fine the coffee was. The mother asked for a third cup and inquired as to the brand of coffee I used. I didn't even hear her question, for I had had her say a while before that she didn't like Postum Food Coffee unless it was more than half old-fashioned coffee.

After breakfast I told her that the coffee she liked so well at breakfast was pure Postum Food Coffee, and the reason she liked it was because it was properly made, that is, it was boiled long enough to bring out the flavor. I have been brought up from a nervous, wretched invalid to a fine condition of physical health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

"I am doing all I can to help the world out of coffee slavery to Postum freedom, and have earned the gratitude of many, many friends." Myra J. Tuller, 102 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

pen was an indistinct black form which moved!

To slam up the gun, sight it by instinct, and to pull both triggers was the work of three seconds. To slam down the gun upon the ground, to whirl and break away took no time at all, for a snarling roar told me that the bear did not require my company.

Over the heavy ground I pounded, tolling madly to put acres between me and the rearward possibilities. Every crashing twig was the click of savage teeth—every burnt, black stump was BEAR! and the breeze humming in my ears was trifling in dimensions as compared with what California has suffered. Back in the 'sixties, the profits to be derived from carrying Chinese to San Francisco were so great that regular contractors entered the business, and at last thousands per month were landed there until laws were passed prohibiting the trade. One man named Koopmanschap is said to have imported scores of thousands of Chinese coolies to California, Chile and Peru, and made a fortune out of it. The San Francisco *Argonaut* points out the danger that now threatens the laboring classes of the United States now that Hawaii and the Philippines Islands are annexed. It says:

We have been promised by the President that the flag will never be hauled down. These people, therefore, are now under the domain of the constitution and laws of the United States. We have given them their liberty, and that liberty certainly includes the power to go and come wherever they choose upon American soil. We could scarcely, under the constitution, forbid them to go from one part of the United States to another. That liberty would be the liberty of a dog chained to his kennel. Therefore it must be assumed that the citizens of our Pacific possessions are free to come and go—that Filipinos may travel from Manila to San Francisco, as freely as the citizens of California may sail from San Francisco to Manila Bay.

This is the problem that now confronts Congress. Shall the importation of Asiatic labor from our Pacific possessions be permitted? If it is permissible under the constitution, as is certainly the case, shall the constitution be amended? If the Democratic opposition should prevent such amendments, in what other way, within or without the law, can Asiatic immigration be prevented?

We say "within or without the law" for the Republican party must not stand upon *Junctilio* in this matter. Its very existence is at stake. The Republican party has encouraged Asiatic annexation. The Republican party must not encourage Asiatic immigration. The Republican party must not degrade the American workingman.

The *Argonaut* goes on to point out that in the 'sixties the Pacific was a lonely ocean and ships rare, while now it is alive with shipping, and once a movement sets in ship owners will be quick to see the profits of carrying human freight. There is (it says) no more profitable freight than human beings. The human cargo embarks and disembarks itself. There are no stevedores required to discharge coolie ships. It is a beautiful business—from the coolie contractor's point of view. As to its profit there can be no question.

Under the constitution of the United States there seems no way by which the in-flow of Asiatics from the Philippines Islands can be prevented. While no laws forbade it, there came a quarter of a million Asiatics in twenty years into the United States. Despite those laws the Filipinos are now eligible to enter the United States, the profits that ship-owners may derive will stimulate the traffic, the results are incalculable. The *Argonaut* concludes its argument by asserting that the Constitution must be amended to meet the danger and that the Republican party—which it supports—will annex the Philippines must protect the work-people of the United States from the evil consequences that threaten.

When the attacking force rushed in, it quite naturally trod upon the fallen door, and in so doing nearly squashed the stuff out of the struggling defender below. The mingling of dust and haughty speech which floated forth upon the abashed atmosphere was so scandalous that I whooped and roared in such joy as is only safe for a man to taste once in a long lifetime. The tongue of the attacking force was limber too, and the storm of Anglo-Saxon profanity that resulted must have made Old Nick's tall ear with joyful anticipation! And above all rose the flute-like tones of Ma'am as she blithely heaved at the bureau and the bedstead and stacked them her side the bedroom door.

No bear with half sense would have graced that performance with his presence, and no bear ever did. Lewis found the carcass in the swamp some days later and it was so full of buckshot that the best he could do was to save me the head, the paws, and enough of the hide to make me a pair of gauntlets, which stunk like polecats every damp day.

Toronto, Dec. 99.



and that if I ever opened my mouth that heart would get away and never come back.

"Where was Lewis all this time, and what was I trying to do anyway? The infernal hogs belonged to him, and what business of mine was it if bears took 'em? Methinks this bear would take a notion to escape in my direction—if so, what?"

I guessed what, and I had sneaked back two panels before I could get the brakes on.

—

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### Will the Filipinos Invade the United States?

HERE is a question that seems nothing short of ridiculous, yet on second thoughts it proves to be a very serious one, for the invasion will not be military, but industrial. In Canada we know something of the feeling that exists in British Columbia against the coming in of Chinese labor; but the evil on our Pacific Coast is trifling in dimensions as compared with what California has suffered. Back in the 'sixties, the profits to be derived from carrying Chinese to San Francisco were so great that regular contractors entered the business, and at last thousands per month were landed there until laws were passed prohibiting the trade. One man named Koopmanschap is said to have imported scores of thousands of Chinese coolies to California, Chile and Peru, and made a fortune out of it. The San Francisco *Argonaut* points out the danger that now threatens the laboring classes of the United States now that Hawaii and the Philippines Islands are annexed. It says:

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## Anecdotal.

An English tourist, driving along a country road in Ireland, drew the driver's attention to a wretched tattered old man. "What a shocking thing it is," said he, "to see a man in such rags and misery." "Begorra, thin, yer honner," replied the driver, with the characteristically Irish desire to put a good face on everything, "that's not from poverty at all, at all. The truth is that the man's so ticklesome that sorta a tailor in the country can attempt to take his measure!"

Dean Hole, of Rochester, England, tells of a very innocent and gentle curate who went to a Yorkshire parish where the parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. He was asked to invite the

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prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more. "Why," said the curate, "is she dead?" "No," said the clerk, "she's won the steeple-chase." The curate became quite a power in the parish.

Several members of the Scottish Reserve, before leaving for the Cape, were entertained at a farewell supper by their fellow-workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the reservists was observed stowing away a bottle of whisky in his pocket. "What's that ye're daein', Tam?" shouted the chairman good-humoredly. "Oh," replied Tam, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye tell us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

Dr. — had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. After enquiry of his servants he sent for Jemmy Lafferty, who, they said, "could cure any cow in the wurruid." The cow doctor accordingly came, drenched and physicked the animal for four or five days, in the lapse of which time he waited on the doctor and brothers fifteen years ago. Her attitude to golf was of surprised tolerance when she fell into the company of a golfing party who were talking very loudly and fast of their trophy competition. "How enthusiastic they are," said the old-fashioned girl. "Do they always talk so much about golf?" A polite sympathy distinguished her attitude, though I know she was not only surprised but a bit disapproving. (The golfing craze has its drawbacks.) The old-fashioned girl soon quoted her mother as an authority. I was amazed. Mothers are so rare these days as persons of importance! She had a diary, which she did not keep locked. It's a reference-book for anyone in the family who wants a date confirmed. She looks after the household, and manages the shopping and providing for it. One of her brothers is at the Cape, and she has a special prayer for his welfare every morning and evening. She is knitting socks for the children of a charity, and she pours tea for her father and mother every afternoon at five. She has just sent away a hamper to a small boy friend who is obliged to spend his Christmas holidays at college, being quarantined from home with whooping-cough. Do you know her? If you do, doesn't she give you a rested and happy sort of feeling, after you've been pounced upon and jabbered at and questioned and chaffed and flattered by a score of butterfly beauties who would rather be dead than old-fashioned? "Dear Lady Gay, isn't she queer some way?" said one of these, in speaking of her. "Are they all like that in the Old Country?" Well, down in the dear country and great, quiet manor houses, and sometimes in the quaint little parsonages, there are such old-fashioned girls, who, indeed, would be angels if they had any imagination. The butterfly girls are three-quarters imagination and the other quarter ambition, are they not? Small wonder they are chilled by the old-fashioned girl. To return to first statements, I wanted her to impress you, as she did me, as a good one to know when things were not all rose-color.

The old Irishman has gone out to the rescue! One gets news quickly, vividly, in these days, and contrasts are strong. In one column one reads of the obstinate valor and faithfulness of the young soldier son—and his death in a halo of glory, the V.C. within reach of his still, white hand. In the next, the summons of the old warrior father, little "Bobs" whom we all adore, to pick up the reins of the horses of war and drive them to victory. Lord Roberts owes the Boers one now. Watch him, and see how he will pay it! At sixty-seven a man has a right to take his ease; well, fighting is an Irish way of doing so. With "Bobs" in sight each Tommy Atkins counts for three. He has their hearts, and there are so many of them Irish, so many who can say to bursting shells, "Ach! go to blazes!" as we are told a Dublin Fusilier did at Glencoe. That was the best yarn of the war, worth a dozen sermons on heroism, and whether it was a straight one or no matters little. As the story teller said to the Mandarin in the play, "If it never happened it certainly should have happened," and continued his fiction.

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WON-ONE.—I was not at Sandfield that day; was aquatically sporting on the broad Atlantic. No, I have never been at Preston Springs. Hope to go there next year if my rheumatism gets bad enough. Your writing shows a lot of vivid and erratic impulse, much energy, and some inconstancy. You need repose and consistency, and have discretion amounting to caution; you are set in your own beliefs and ways and may easily become obstinate. It is a strong, almost perverse, handwriting.

C. W. S. (WESTWARD HO!)—You did not give me a nom de plume, so I use your initials. Your writing shows susceptibility, adaptability, and a generally easy and pleasant disposition. You have not much snap, but good sequence of ideas, sympathy, determination, honest and discretion. Tell the man who wants the question answered that I can tell him how to transform a sisterly affection professed by the young lady into a passionate love or anything of intermediate warmth. I don't believe in the possibility of it myself.

FANNY J.—Your writing is decidedly clever and full of snap and energy. When you make up your mind to anything it is generally final. I quite agree with you in your expressed beliefs, and think you state them admirably. Aren't you a bit of a pessimist sometimes? You do not easily relinquish an enterprise. I am afraid you would be a poor conspirator, secrets being very hard to keep with you. You are tenacious in opinion and I fancy an all-round capable sort of person.

DAVID HARUM.—Glad you liked what was written. I did not much enjoy the book after the first few chapters, but then I do not like that style of man. I am afraid I do not find him very interesting. I think you would like Gillean the Dreamer, by Niel Munro, as you say you enjoy delicately told stories dealing with temperament.

NANCY LEE.—Not the least chance for you. Things have come to a point since you wrote. Alas! poor Tommy Atkins!

MEDICINE HAT.—This lady writes: "You ask me your paper of August 5 how this town got its curious name. I believe from the following Indian legend. The town is very prettily situated in a valley on a curve of the Saskatchewan river, and is fringed by steep and rugged-cut banks. Owing to the peculiar location the Indians are credited with having held many an orgy here. On one occasion the medicine man, as a wind-up piece of fireworks or in a moment of too ecstatic emotion, flung his hat into the river, and so the place became known as Medicine Hat Point." Thanks very much for this information; as you were born and brought up in the town, it is probably the correct tip. Several persons have told me the conformation of the spot resembled a hat worn by the medicine man, but it didn't seem an adequate reason. 2. Your writing shows great character for a thirteen-year-old. I can scarcely believe it to be written by such a child. If you continue to develop such force and form, as you grow up, you will, indeed, be a splendid woman. Self reliance, candor, much regard for good appearances, hope, good temper, excellent judgment, bright and quick perception, firm and constant purpose, care for details, and a strong ambition yet unsatisfied, are yours.

MY ROSARY.—Do trials make one better? Not necessarily. They may harden and sour and warp you. But there comes a time in the formation of character when stress is needed, when the sharp share must tear up the quivering heart. You and I have surely felt this thing, or we are not true men or women. By your writing I am about certain you are a man. No, I have no very sad things in my life—I just won't.

PONTIUS PILATE.—I. You are well named, poor fellow, and your story almost made me weep. To know the right and do the wrong—is a grim and pitiable plight. However, there are others; sometimes, if one thought too much about this, it would get upon one's nerves. Never allow that. It isn't at all just to yourself. 2. Your writing shows impatience, susceptibility, very sensitive feeling, high ideals and a warm and affectionate nature. You are, however, inconstant, and I should think easily irritated. Your lines bristle with combative-ness. I believe you a love a row. You need not have told me you were an Irishman. Sure, it just sticks out of every line of you.

AUGUSTA H.—We must all go back to work, my girl, for which we should be thankful. Work saves us. Your faults are not very serious. You are adaptable, a bit mercurial, having your ups and downs, companionable, sympathetic, quick mentally, and I should fancy a pleasant person to get on with. There are no stupid lines in this study. Frankly, I don't see much the matter with it, and merely advise you to keep on as you are doing.

REGINA LADY.—I. I cannot give you the recipies here, they are too lengthy, but if you send me a stamped and addressed envelope I will copy and enclose them for you. 2. The Jaeger underwear has many valuable properties. Yes, it will shrink frightfully if not carefully washed. Put a little borax in the water and don't have it scalding hot. Just so warm that you can bear your hands in it nicely. Bless you and baby! Long may you wave.

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## A Wise Women's Movement.



ability she can bring to bear upon it. She is demanding not only for herself, but for all women, the fullest education in all matters pertaining to the fireside.

Domestic science ought to be the study of intelligent, thoughtful women. Unfortunately, our cooking schools are too often regarded as training schools for servants, while the mistress sits at home in calm content that she knows how to keep house, priding herself that experience has taught her. It little matters that she has not the very first inkling of the human body, nor how the juices act upon food; that germs and bacteria are mere words to her, conveying no idea that yeast germs, if not properly cooked, go on expanding and multiplying in the stomach, causing indigestion. She does not know the nutritive property of a single food she uses. If her child is ill, she takes him to the doctor to have him supply, through drugs, the property the child should receive through food. If he dies, she counts it a dispensation of Providence, and submissively bows to the Divine will, when she should have blamed her own ignorance. She undertakes the care of a helpless child with less knowledge of the food required to build up his body, than a farmer has of the food necessary for his

stock. She lavishes sentiment on her child; the farmer would tell her that he finds his cattle thrive better on less sentiment and more knowledge of conditions favorable to them. Surely it is a truism that love and good intentions do not form an adequate substitute for knowledge. Every woman ought to know, not only what foods are good for the body, that cleanliness and ventilation are necessary for health, but why such measures are desirable. What is she but a slave who follows blindly another's directions with no knowledge of underlying principles? The social necessity for domestic science may be summarized in the beneficial effect that scientific knowledge would have on the health of the family.

The industrial phase is almost as far-reaching in its influence. A large proportion of women, either as homemakers or servants, are obliged to spend their lives in the industries of the home. We all know with what lack of respect we regard unskilled labor; in all walks of life it is the lowest labor, commanding the least respect and corresponding less pay. It is unskilled labor that feels all the various changes in the labor market because it is the dumping-ground for all the poor workers in other trades. To put housework on the basis of skilled labor is to remove it from the exigencies of the labor market; in becoming skilled it gains dignity, and makes possible the next step, that it shall be specialized. Woman's work will never receive the proper respect nor proper remuneration until it is both skilled and specialized. The market for houseworkers is the one market where the demand for labor is greater than the supply. It is no use for us to expend sentiment and elaborate arguments on the desirability of domestic service, and the blindness of women in choosing factory work. Our sentiment will not turn the tide of self-respecting women from work on which they stand on a purely economic footing, to a life where economics and social considerations are sadly mixed. We must follow the trend and put our housework on a solid economic basis which will entail leadership on the part of intelligent women. Statistics prove that when you compute the board and wages of house servants they are better paid than any other class of women workers, but this fact does not attract an increasing number of women. So long as the demand is greater than the supply, we cannot demand trained service; women are not going to expend time and money for a training which will not increase their wages. The first solution of our problem will lie in attracting intelligent women to take the training in domestic science, and then letting them find situations in institutions where their relation will be purely an economic one, and the untrained labor hitherto employed there will turn to housework. This step of employing trained domestic workers in institutions is of the utmost importance to all women workers. There is scarcely any branch of woman's work which is not underpaid; if we can remove the pressure on certain trades by attracting workers into other avenues of employment and thus lessening the supply, it will tend to increase wages in the trades at present overcrowded.

The educational value of domestic science is of immediate interest because so many of our schools are contemplating placing it on the curriculum. We all deplore the fact that our present system of education develops the brain but does not develop the faculties, that children come out of school with no idea of how to use the knowledge they have gained. My object to-day is to plead for the attention of college women. Domestic science will never occupy the position it should until our teachers have added to the thorough training of the scientific laboratory in the college course, the practical knowledge of cooking. If we are to place domestic science on the same footing as the other sciences, we must have the teachers trained in scientific accuracy, in thorough habits of study, and in general culture. The movement in the United States, has received its strongest support from college women who have added years of practical experience to scientific training. Let us hope that similar leaders may arise in Canada. Women in the United States have spent time and money in scientific experiments laying the foundations for theoretical and practical domestic science that it would be utterly impossible for us, with our limited wealth, to do for ourselves in Canada. Early in January there is to be a meeting in the Normal School in Toronto to discuss the problem of how we can utilize their knowledge and experience. It will be addressed by Hon. Richard Harcourt, Mrs. Hoodless, and others. The phases of domestic science have simply been suggested in this article with the hope that every woman who is interested in any one of them will attend the meeting that we may bring judgment and intelligence to bear upon the problem of establishing domestic science on a firm foundation in our beloved Canada.

ALICE A. CHOWN,  
Kingston, Dec. '99.

## Evangelical Saint-Worship.

**A**n extraordinary development is making its appearance in the very bosom of Protestantism, according to *The Living Church* (Prot. Episc., November 4), which says that this phenomenon is nothing less than the practice of prayer to the saints—only the saints "are not the apostles and martyrs, or the heroes of faith whom the church has placed in her calendar," but the departed friends of the devotees. It says: "Dr. George Adam Smith, in his 'Life of Henry Drummond,' mentions as a fact within his knowledge that certain persons habitually address prayers to Henry Drummond. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London (not the Temple Church), a doughty adversary of 'Popery and Prelacy,' has openly declared that he prayed to his departed wife every day. He said that he never came to the City

Temple to preach without asking her to come with him, and, furthermore, he knew that she did come. Nor does he hold this as a mere sentiment applicable only to his own individual case, but alluding to a friend who had lost his wife, he says: 'I encourage my friend to pray to his wife, and to pray to God to ask her to come to his help. She will be more to him than twelve legions of unknown angels.' Dr. Parker evidently has no use for the 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.' Well may the Protestant paper from which we call these instances say: 'All this is simply petrifying!' It mentions a Roman litany to the saints, and asks: 'Is this what we are going to come in our Protestant churches?'

## This and That.



AVE you ever observed how any trait of character peculiar to a nation may be traced through the various phases of the national life? For example; the English are always regarded as conservative in matters of business, never carried away by excitement; slow to adopt any new ideas or make new friends, and somewhat deliberate in seeing the point of a joke. The French, on the other hand, are impetuous in speech, rapid in their movements and gestures, and prepared on the least provocation to name their weapons. Their very physique is an index to this state of nervous unrest which is a characteristic of their existence. But the enthusiasm of the United Statesmen is as unique as it is pronounced. It matters little what the occasion is, this enthusiasm is always in evidence. After a so-called naval achievement the "hero" is driven to the verge of distraction by the maddening enthusiasm of the people, who spare neither time nor the country's money in giving expression to their feelings. When a boat race is finished and the result is flashed across the continent, it is all over but the shouting. Then on the occasion of a visit to the chamber of a dead colleague, we find the gentleman who holds the most exalted position in the gift of the people, followed by a strong mob and exultantly cheered as he enters the house of mourning, and in this, the closing season of the year, it will have been observed that in the annual Thanksgiving which has just been celebrated, the proverbial turkey, with the regulation quantity of cranberry sauce, has been enthusiastically disposed of in all parts of the republic, from the newly acquired Island of Cuba in the Atlantic to the in-process-of-being possessed Philippines in the Pacific.

What is there about the comic opera of the present day, or rather what is there not about it that leaves it comic in name only? The present construction of such operas is probably on lines dictated by popular taste and differs materially from such productions even in the earlier years of the Gilbert and Sullivan era. In those days there was a thread to the story, at least strong enough to hold the two or three acts together, and involving some laughable situations and witty repartee. We were also treated with some "taking" melodies and pretty bits of unaccompanied choral or part singing, but the comic opera of to-day, in a general way, lacks all these elements. The plot requires no corroborative evidence to prove an *alibi*; the comic features are usually undertaken by a red-headed Dutchman (for whose presence there is no reasonable excuse) and another fellow, and the music once heard is as quickly forgotten. The whole production has been reduced to a spectacular display of the Amazonian variety, with its tableaux and marches, and as such, of course, it makes a very pretty picture. But it is not comic opera.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the residence of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is in the city of Hartford, Conn. I was not aware of it myself until, taking a drive the other day in that city with a gentleman, it was pointed out to me. There is nothing particular in the fact that the house is there, nor is there anything particular about the house itself, which is built of brick. Mrs. Stowe had to live somewhere, and of course there are plenty of brick houses. But a certain amount of interest is lent to the fact when it is known that Mark Twain's residence is on the same street. Now, Mark has said a good many things that other people have said, but he said them differently, which largely accounts for his fame as a writer. He also built a house, the same as plenty of other men have done, but he built it differently. He put his kitchen (which is a separate building from the residence proper) on the lawn in front, and his main entrance is at the side. The location is a choice one. The rear portion of the lot is beautifully wooded with large forest trees and declines to a ravine, at the foot of which flows, among the trees and foliage, a limpid stream of clear water. But all the same Mark's "back" kitchen is on his "front" lawn. A. Toronto, Dec. '99.

## Grand Tour of Mexico.

On February 14, 1900, the Wabash Railroad Company will run a personally conducted and select party of fifty people for a grand thirty-day tour of Old Mexico. This will be by far the grandest and most comprehensive tour ever run by any railroad company in the world. This will be a chance of your life to see this grand old land of the Montezumas. All principal points of interest will be visited.

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I'm afraid so; the man next door made him a present of a nice new knife to-day, and suggested that Tommy should cut open the drum and spend "the money that is inside."

Heroine (in amateur dramatic performance).—You know, Mr. Hankinson, that if we do any kissing on the stage in this play it must be "stage kissing," or, at least, seem to be so—you understand? Hero—Why, I didn't know there was to be any



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kissing in it at all. Heroine (instantly kissing in it at all). Heroine (instantly kissing).—There won't be, Mr. Hankinson.

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## Music.

**M**ASSEY HALL was crowded by an immense audience on the night of the 14th inst., on the occasion of a popular-priced performance of the *Messiah* by the Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Torrington. The title of Festival Chorus is very vague in its meaning, and seems to be applied to whatever body of singers may happen, at a given time, to perform oratorio under Mr. Torrington's baton. The personnel of the chorus is ever changing, so that there is little individuality in the organization, if the word organization may be used. At this season of the year, a production of the *Messiah* is always welcome and appropriate in Christian communities, and there is little doubt that the religious significance of the work has had much to do with its continued popularity in Great Britain and her colonies. As the previous oratorio concerts were given in October, Mr. Torrington had only six weeks to prepare his chorus for the event under notice, and when it is considered that a large proportion of his singers were new members, it is a matter of surprise that the performance went as creditably and smoothly as it did. The quality of the voices was uniformly good in each of the four sections. The tenors were overweighted numerically, but as they did not appear to be at a disadvantage in the full choruses it is suspected that there were a large number among the sopranos who must have been singing with exceeding mildness of spirit. While the massed voices produced an imposing volume of tone, there was a falling off in power and decision as compared with the performance at the preceding concerts. The principal choruses produced the usual striking effect, and nearly all of them were applauded in a very appreciative spirit. The soloists were Miss Eileen Millett and Miss Louise Craig, two of our most promising local vocalists, and Miss Julie Wyman, contralto, Mr. R. Burton, tenor, and Dr. Merrill Hopkinson of Baltimore, bass. The two Toronto young ladies acquitted themselves in their difficult task of interpreting the solo soprano numbers, in a manner worthy of high praise. With clear, fresh and even voices of an engaging quality they could not fail to please, and they made a very favorable impression. Miss Wyman sang as artistically as usual, one of the most successful efforts of the evening being her rendering of *He Was Despised*. Mr. Burton, the tenor, was suffering from a cold, and making allowances for that drawback he gave a satisfactory interpretation of his music. Dr. Hopkinson, who occupies the peculiar position of being a member of both the dental and musical professions, on this his first appearance here won a decided success, the audience insisting upon a repetition of the brilliant and robust aria, *Why do the Nations?* He has an excellent voice and has evidently had much experience in oratorio work. One missed in his delivery that oratorical significance and just emphasis which distinguish the renderings of the recognized English oratorio singers. From a musical point of view, however, his conception was well carried out. Mr. Torrington conducted, Mr. Bayley led the orchestra, and Mrs. Blight officiated as organist, and when these names are mentioned it goes without saying that their respective departments were well served. I understand that Mr. Torrington will put Israel in Egypt into rehearsal immediately after Christmas.

Mr. Rafael Josephy, than whom there is no more legitimate, delightful, or refined pianist before the public to-day, gave a recital in Massey Hall on Monday evening last before a thoroughly appreciative audience. He offered a very enjoyable programme, which included Mozart's Sonata in F, now rarely played in public, various short pieces by Chopin, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Henselt, and Rubinstein, and as a climax to the scheme Tschalikowski's Sonata in G major, (first time in Toronto). With the exception of the last named none of the compositions required a heightened degree of emotion in the interpretation. His playing once more revealed all those attributes for which it is acknowledged to be pre-eminent. Invariable beauty of tone throughout the whole compass of the instrument, evenness and flexibility of touch, perfection of legato, and unfailing accuracy of technique were all conspicuous in his performance. In the Tschalikowski Sonata, a work that abounds in contrast and pulsates with vivid feeling, he displayed more warmth of temperament than usual, even so well restrained an artist as he finding it, no doubt, impossible to resist the emotional sway of the music. The sonata decidedly made a deep impression for a first hearing. Whether it will stand the test of familiarity it would be hazardous to conjecture.

Mr. Frank S. Welsman's piano recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening will do much to heighten the esteem in which the talented young artist is held by the musical community. There was a large gathering of music-lovers, and Mr. Welsman was given a most encouraging and gratifying reception. His selections included several numbers that make large demands upon the technical equipment of the player. Kulak's Octave study in E, always awkward in the matter of execution; Liszt's arduous *Legende*, No. 2, in which there is scarcely any cessation in the strain upon the endurance and "mechanique" of the soloist; and in a lighter and more discursive style, the Strauss-Schott *Fledermaus Walzer*, were among his brilliant achievements. At every appearance Mr. Welsman shows that he is making new progress in his art. His technical powers are dominated by great conscientiousness of interpretation, while it is a most promising feature of his playing that he is constantly gaining in expressive force. He was assisted by Dr. Carl E. Duff, the well known baritone of New York, who, always a satisfactory and legitimate singer, delighted the audience

with his rendering of a group of Schumann songs, and four charming little English lyrics. He was encored after the Schumann *Ich Grolle Nicht*, and taking the demand literally, repeated it. Mr. Welsman, as his encore number, gave Sapelnikoff's taking *Gavotte*. Mrs. Blight accompanied the singer with her accustomed sympathy and efficiency.

In referring to Liza Lehmann's setting of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, sung on December 7 in New York, by Mr. David Bispham, the *Musical Age* agrees with the opinion expressed in this column on the occasion of its introduction at Mr. Bispham's recital in Massey Hall. It says: "The new production opened well, but soon became decidedly tedious and labored. It is to be regretted that the novelty Mr. Bispham introduced as a prominent feature of his programme was not more worthy of the place accorded to it." I may add to the remarks already made in SATURDAY NIGHT that nevertheless Mr. Bispham is to be applauded for introducing the work. How are the public to know whether a composition by a composer of celebrity is interesting or not, unless some artist gives them an opportunity of hearing it?

The advanced piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt gave a very fine programme of compositions for the instrument on Saturday afternoon last at Mr. Vogt's residence, Bloor street west. In every case the selections were rendered in a manner that proved the possession of musical gifts of a high order by the pupils, while also showing that they had been carefully trained. Not the least interesting feature of the recital was the explanation given by Mr. Vogt of each of the numbers. The programme, which was as follows, will afford evidence of the technical development of the pupils: Chopin, Etude in C sharp minor; Mrs. Harold Clark; Chopin, Funeral March, Miss Florence Woolverton; Mendelssohn, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Miss Eugenie Quenon; Leschetizky, The Two Larks, Miss Nora Shorestone; St. Saens, Marche Heroique, for two pianos, Messrs. Leslie Hodges and Ernest Cork; Chamaine, Autumn, Miss Hattie Eckhardt; Beethoven, First movement, Sonata, op. 57, Mr. Douglas H. Bert; Schubert, Valse Lente and Chopin Valse in C sharp minor, Mr. Wilbur Grant; Chopin, Berceuse in D flat, Miss Ida Kerr; Grieg, Andante and Minuet from Sonata, op. 7, Miss Sara Bradley; Liszt, Rigoletto fantasia, Miss Alice M. Robinson; Wagner-Liszt, Liebestod, Miss Jessie Perry; Mendelssohn, Concerto in G minor, Miss Florence Brown. The orchestral part for the concert was played on a second piano by Mr. Leslie Hodges.

The season of opera in Chicago by the Metropolitan Opera House Company has been a failure, and the impresario, Mr. Grau says that in future Chicago will be put on his list in the same rank as the smaller cities of America. The receipts for the three weeks were, it seems, only \$100,000. The price for the best seats was \$5. In Toronto, it will be remembered, the same company charged \$5 for the orchestra chairs. Mr. Grau, however, was justified in reducing the price for Chicago, because he may have naturally argued that very large audiences would be the rule with so great a population to draw upon.

Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher of musical kindergarten fame expects to be in Toronto on January 2 and 3, and during her brief visit she will wish to meet those who are desirous of taking her course for teachers which will be held next spring in this city. Sufficient notice is given to her local agent (see advertisement in another column), appointments for interviews can be arranged, and information concerning the course referred to can be obtained at any one of the leading institutions for musical instruction in Toronto.

Mr. Ernest du Domaine, violinist, has received an appointment on the staff of the Conservatory of Music, where his duties will commence at once. Mr. du Domaine is well equipped for his work, having enjoyed, in addition to a liberal education at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, the privilege of studying with such men as Cornelius and Ysaye. Mr. du Domaine's is a comparatively new name in Toronto musical circles, although some of our readers will remember his playing at the Armories at the Plancon concert of April, 1898, and in view of these facts his initial recital at an early date will be looked for with much interest.

Mr. George A. Fleming of New York, the well known baritone of Trinity church quartette, will appear at the Commercial Travelers concert in Massey Hall on Wednesday, December 27. As Mr. Fleming's reputation is well known to our musical people he is certain to have a large audience.

Mr. George Macpherson, husband of Mme. Elsa Macpherson, piano virtuoso of this city, is in New York studying with Mr. McKinley, the celebrated tenor. Mr. Macpherson, whose voice was trained as a baritone by the late Pier Delasco, Signor Rubini and others, has been pronounced by all the noted New York masters who have heard him, "a pure tenor robusto of great breadth and beauty." Mr. McKinley predicts great things for his gifted Canadian pupil.

The committee of the Toronto Male Chorus Club have completed arrangements for the Club's annual concert, which is fixed for February 15 next. The Club's concert was last year, undoubtedly, one of the most important musical events of the season, and judging from the arrangements already made it will be so again this season. The interest, of course, centers in the performance of the Club, which numerically is somewhat larger than last year. Among the selections are two or three that are particularly appropriate in view of the struggle in which Great Britain and the Empire are now engaged. Curiously enough, however,

these numbers were selected by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the conductor, many months ago and before any such struggle was anticipated. Notwithstanding that the Club's singing alone would be sufficient to attract a very large audience, the committee are to be commended for again giving Toronto people an opportunity to hear for the first time one of the world's greatest musical artists in the person of Alexandre Petschikoff, the Russian violinist. Of Petschikoff it may be said that he has had a most romantic career, and that he has a genius never surpassed, which has called forth from exacting German critics the statement that "he plays more like a god than a man," and has earned him the title of "the poet of the violin." With his every appearance in America his reputation has risen, until now in New York or elsewhere his appearance evokes an enthusiasm that is sometimes almost boisterous. His instrument is a celebrated and priceless "Stradivarius" presented to him by some of his friends and admirers. With Petschikoff comes Alme Lachauine, as accompanist and solo pianist. He is well known in America, and has already appeared before a Toronto audience. Everyone who attended the Club's last concert will be delighted to hear that Gwilym Miles, the famous Welsh baritone, who then sang so acceptably, has been again engaged and will sing the baritone solos in a couple of the choir's numbers. Subscription lists are already in the hands of the members and we understand are rapidly filling up.

A pleasant society and musical function was the musical given by the Thursday Musical Club on Thursday evening of last week in the rooms of the Conservatory of Music. A choice programme was supplied by the following members of the faculty and pupils of the institution: The Misses Bessie Cowan, Mabel V. Thomson, Francisca Heinrich, Jessie Perry, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Mrs. Adamson, violin; Mr. Hahn, 'cello, and Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutter and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne.

The University College Ladies' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Hugh Kennedy, assisted by Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black, elocutionist, provided a very enjoyable entertainment in the theater of the Normal School on the evening of December 13. The young ladies highly pleased the audience by their contribution to the programme, singing several choruses in a very pleasing style. Solos were contributed by Miss Frances Dignam and Miss Florence Bell with great success. Mrs. Black gave a selection of readings in her most effective style, and the Varsity Banjo Club, under the direction of Mr. Smedley, won their invariable encore.

An Evening with Bach is the title given to the musical service which is to be held in St. James' square Presbyterian church early in January. As peculiarly appropriate to the season, Bach's great Christmas oratorio has been brought into requisition, and a choice selection of recitations, arias and chorales is in course of preparation. The music for this Christmas festival is divided into six parts, which were originally intended for performance on six separate days. The first part begins with an outburst of jubilant song over the birth of Christ, and is followed by movements descriptive of His advent and extolling His greatness. The second part, introduced by Bach's famous Pastoral Symphony, reveals the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, when suddenly the angel of the Lord appeared to them, and announcing the birth of Christ the Lord and giving them the sign wherewith to know Him, urged them to make haste to greet Him. It is here that the Cradle Song (for the contralto voice) is introduced. This has been said to be "a piece of such exquisite beauty as has never been surpassed, if ever equaled even by the same master hand—a song addressed to the sleeping Christ, that seems in its soothng sweetness to sing away all possibility of trouble and to promise endless repose." The subsequent parts continue the narrative, telling of the visit of the shepherds, the coming of the wise men, their interview with Herod, their adoration of the Christ, and leading up to the concluding song of triumph over Sin and Death and Satan. It is in the fourth part that the soprano is given the charming air *Ah! My Saviour, I Entreat Thee*, in which with delicate skill and sympathetic effect an echoing voice is made to answer, now a "Yea" and then a "Nay," to the beseeching questions which are so persistently asked of the Saviour, and this voice is re-echoed by the accompaniment. The music throughout is expressively beautiful and admirably adapted to the situation and events it is designed to illustrate.

Miss M. Fidelia Wilson, solo soprano of the First Baptist church, Ottawa city, has just completed a special course of vocal study under Mr. Recchab Tandy at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Wilson possesses a bright high soprano of excellent quality, and was heard while in Toronto on concert occasions and in church special musical services. She returns to her church and concert work at the Capital much improved vocally and with an extended repertoire as a result of her study with Mr. Tandy.

At Glen Mawr, Miss Veals' large and very attractive school, on the evening of December 8 a delightful programme was presented by a number of talented young ladies, including Misses Jessie Hale, Muriel Thomson, Julie Westbrook, Constance Chipman, Alice Christie, and Mary Hayes, pupils of Miss Williams, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Welsman and Mr. Tripp. Compositions by eminent musicians were intelligently and creditably interpreted. The works of Nevin, Tschalikowski, Mendelssohn, Lord Henry Somerset, Chamade, Liszt, Grieg, Schumann, Bohm, Schumann-Paganini, Henry Parker, Chopin and Hollander served to gratify the representative audience present. Miss Veals is to be congratulated upon the

success of this her most recent musical soiree.

"This is a giddy world," said Bangs. "Well, and why not?" put in Moodie. "You'd be giddy if you did as much twirling as the world does."

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## Books for the Holidays.

Poems, old and new, by Frederick George Scott, Toronto: William Briggs.

**T**HIS collection of Mr. Scott's poems—apart from anything it may boast of intrinsic worth, so inviting in respect of the combined requisites of book-making, typography, paper, binding—will be hailed with pleasure by all admirers of elevated, with gratitude by all cravers for elevating, composition. The pages of the volume, as the publisher's preface relates, embody cullings from *My Lattice* and *The Unnamed Lake*, with the addition of a number of fugitive pieces written subsequently to those publications—some already made familiar with the printer's ink, others seeing the light for the first time within its covers.

Allike delicious and refreshing to the lover of poetry as a tasting of the goodly assortment of fruit picked from the laden orchard of his imagination, which the poet invites us to partake, approves it to be no less contenting to the feaster's eye, is the elegant salver of form which bears the donation.

Mr. Scott's numbers, as ventures like "A Reverie," "Among the Spruces," and many others, certify, not only betray the delicate touch, the tripping movement, the cheery illt found to be such distinguishing features of Lampman's and Carman's rhyme, but testify that he causes to be passed through the hopper of his reason grain of as fine a standard as either of those famous millers of invention has ground, while they demonstrate, as well, that the lyre he handles, whenever demand for more masculine, a fuller-volumed music, is made upon it, can evoke those energetic and stirring chords which Roberts and Campbell sound, at times so competently and effectively. Such pulse-quenching notes as are vehicled by the contributions in *Via Mortis*, *A Dream of the Prehistoric*, and *The Burden of Time*; such alarum-freighted calls as are uttered through *Natura Victrix* and *Samson*, none of our Canadian poets, but few of their trans-Atlantic brethren, have, in the judgment of the reviewer, yet produced. Neither will the singular merit inhering in the versification—so far as the department of prosody is concerned—fail, on the most cursory inspection, to be discerned: its uniform melody conveys at once a soothing and comforting influence. The confession, in truth, is due from an appraiser of these metrical specimens that the resolute striver—only it may be after continued attacks—has carried the frowning redoubt of externals.

Thor, the most extended effort in the compilation—with the venturesome flights of aerial fancy it reveals, the sumptuous imagery in which the sentiments are draped—is in fabric distinctly Shelleyan. The progress through marginless space of phantasmal chariots, transporting immaterial passengers, which the perplexed watcher of the pageants in Queen Mab is asked to follow (the pretension is not, of course, advanced that there is the slightest censorable likeness), is recalled by certain stanzas. A peruser, it need scarcely be professed, had firm assurance beforehand that, in the cultivating of any product by Mr. Scott, no free-thinker's tares would enter to choke the wheat.

Dion embalms the story and harsh destiny of the Syracusan who, on assuming power, after having twice delivered the city from the tyranny of Dionysius—is ere long, without valid provocation furnished by the character of his own sway, pursued to the death by the ungrateful citizens. The flume-like rush of nervous declamation the central figure employs to recite the danger, and the stress he was obliged to encounter on the people's behalf, whom he rashly flays for their ignoble reversal of attitude, picturing, as he proceeds, the entry and turning of the anger in his breast, which news, too rashly credited, of his wife's position as the coerced victim of a favorite's concupiscence had licensed, is intensely moving. This production and *The Freeing of Prometheus* disclose the arresting quality of the singer's blank verse. In signal contrast to the performances, *The Everlasting Father* and *Calvary*, with the lessons they instill of surrender and trust, are noticed blithesome and playful emanations, like *The Sprite* and *To a Fly in Winter*.

I am quite unable to withstand the temptation to place before the reader, that he may pass upon their purity—may predicate for himself the genuineness of the whole—a few of those brilliant thoughts which are seen depending from the slightly necklace of diction the purveyor has fashioned for their support. Take, for example, these excerpts—chosen at random almost—from *Natura Victrix*:

Round me with majestic bearing  
Stand the giant mountains, wearing  
Helmets of eternal snows,  
Cleft by Nature's labor-throes,  
Monster faces, mutely staring  
Upright into God's repose.

"Would that I amid the splendor  
Of the thunder-blasts, could render  
Back the dismal date of birth,  
Fusing soul-clouds, or the tender  
Green of everlasting earth."

Is further evidence required to prove a resurgence in the person of the author, of Edgar Allan Poe? This poem firmly bristles with original and lofty contemplation. Survey, as evidence, this extract:

"Or ye freighted ones who fall  
On the poppy slopes of hell."

Again, in *A Dream of the Prehistoric* occurs this splendid line:

"Were the hearts in whose furnace of anguish  
Was melted the gold of our love."

Then, in *Thor*—speaking of the sun's withdrawal from the sky—he uses the striking phrase "sun-widowed." In the same attempt is this remarkable language:

"I bring thee my strength for a dower  
And deeds like the path of the sun."

Where compositions warranting so small an abatement of praise are involved it might be held to favor of undue fastidiousness to call attention to instances of dubious expression. The feeling of responsibility, nevertheless, that weighs upon the

honest critic decries fulfilment of that thankless office. In *A Dream of the Prehistoric* the line is met:

"And the brains from whose twilight instinct has risen the dawn of our thought."

Is not the morning twilight itself the dawn? This phase of the atmosphere—gradual dispersion of the darkness—is certainly defined as the change in aspect which continues unbrokenly till sunrise. How, then, if the twilight be immediately preclusive of the dawn, can the latter be said to arise from it? Mr. Scott, besides, has, in numerous places, acknowledged the truth of this theory. In the poem likewise, in *Via Mortis*, the intelligence is vouchsafed that "eyecless mariners, without a helm, steer down the seas," etc.

Now, the practicability of conducting the grave operation of steering a vessel under the compound disadvantage of blind navigators and the absence of a helm is difficult to appreciate.

The meaning sought to be conveyed that some agent within provides an adequate substitute for both visual faculty and external appliance is susceptible, doubtless, of being grasped, but does not the function in question absolutely require these co-operating ministries? Fare or move they might, but surely not steer.

Lastly, is the line, "a wind of scattered straws" altogether legitimate?

Foregoing enlarged comment on this division of the work, the sonnets, in which so much grandeur and solidity of reflection are enshrined, seem rhythmically beyond criticism.

To conclude—from the standard of living commended—the necessity for diligence and zeal in pursuit of worthy ends impressed—through the major portion of his teaching, it may easily be deduced that, from the sacred enclosure he is wont to occupy. Mr. Scott preaches, with at least equal emphasis and force, the same Gospel of high aspiration, strenuous endeavor, helpful service, that is urged from the supplemental pulpit where he delivers a message to which one person, at all events, has rapturously listened.

J. B. MACKENZIE.

Toronto, Dec. 18, 1899.

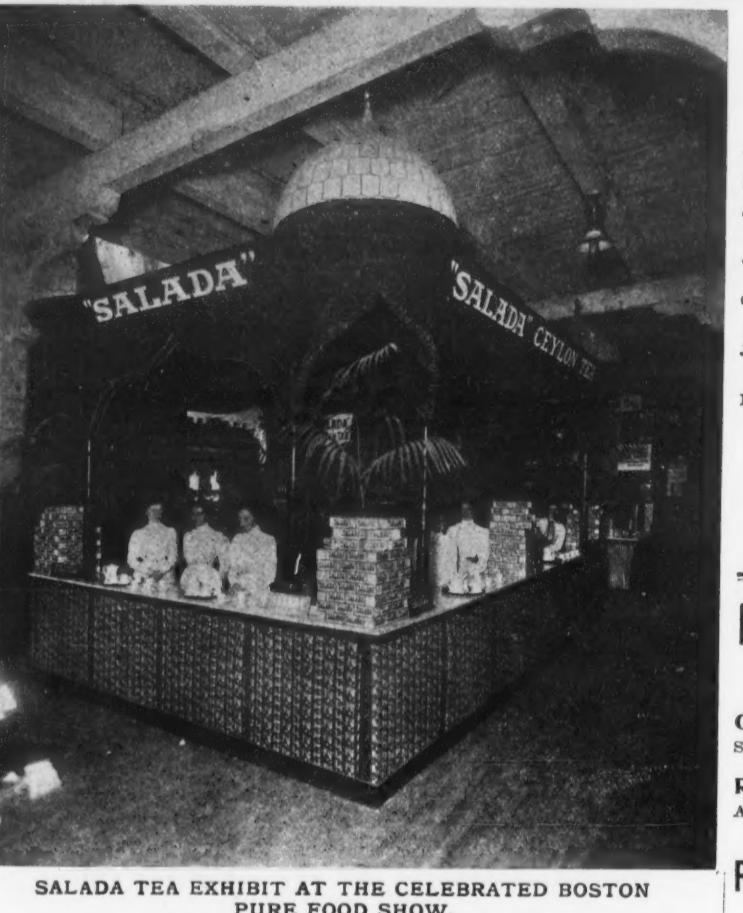
Canadians are welcoming the very fine effort which has been made this year by the Toronto Art League to eclipse all their previous productions in the shape of art calendars. This is not a gaudy-colored calendar made in Germany, in which sugary young ladies with pink cheeks are represented as disporting themselves among chromatic landscapes, but it consists of a series of most artistic drawings of Canadian life. It represents the work of a number of Canadian artists, many of whom have taken high positions in the illustrating world both here and in the United States, among them being: Messrs. C. W. Jefferys, D. F. Thompson, J. W. Cotton, Will Bengough, C. M. Manley, Holmes, R. Weir Crouch, Clark, A. H. Howard, W. Alexander, W. D. Blatchly, and F. H. Brigden. The theme of the publication this year is the industrial, commercial and social progress of Canada during the past one hundred years. This is set forth by pictures which contrast, for instance, the coach of the early years of the century with the electric car of to-day; the prairie with the modern cattle ranch; the sleighing on the St. Lawrence with the modern street; the immigrants of 1830 with the modern railroad station; the peddler of the old time with the freight train of to-day. The cover of this handsome publication is designed by Mr. R. Weir Crouch, formerly of Toronto but now one of New York's most promising artists in the field of design. To be able to send to friends at a distance so admirable a production as this for the small sum of 35 cents, must be esteemed a very high privilege.

A new work which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published is likely to astonish scientific and classical scholars by attempting to demonstrate from the writings of the ancients that the basis of all our modern scientific knowledge was familiar to the philosophers of pre-Homeric times, and that latter-day discoveries are simply a development of the ideas and principles formulated by the leaders of thought who flourished anterior to the Christian era. The new work bears the title *The Gods of Old* and the Story that they Tell.

We desire to thank Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, for a copy of *Unwin's Chap Book*, which is a very interesting publication, and carries announcements of many good things in the publishing line, and a lot of interesting information and ideas to all who write and print.

"C" Company Canadian Contingent, the flag picture containing 128 portraits of officers, nurses, war correspondents, and men from Toronto, Hamilton and district, who are in the war in South Africa, which was published with *SATURDAY NIGHT'S* Christmas Number, is in such demand that a second edition has been printed. Our Christmas Number was entirely sold out in a few days after being printed and no more copies of it can possibly be had. To meet the very large demand for the flag picture this second edition has been issued and will sell at ten cents a copy. It will be sold by newsdealers in Toronto and in outside places, and the boys who canvassed for the Christmas Number will be supplied at trade rates on applying at this office. Orders by mail for single copies will be promptly filled. The picture is printed in colors on fine coated paper with a three-inch margin, ready for framing.

The Christmas issue of *Varsity*, although by no means so ambitious nor so important a number as *Acta Victoriae* issued, is yet a very creditable production. This movement among the college publications towards producing something really meritorious once a year is a gratifying sign of the times. It is bound to interest college men in the literary work being done by Canadian writers. On the opening page of *Varsity* is an excellent poem by Arthur J. Stringer that is singularly appropriate as coming from a gradu-



SALADA TEA EXHIBIT AT THE CELEBRATED BOSTON PURE FOOD SHOW.

ated to student readers. Hamilton Wright Mable discusses contemporary literature. W. A. Fraser contributes a short story entitled *Sorrow*, written in his forceful style. Joanna E. Wood also writes a strong story entitled *Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen*, and there are several good articles by members of the faculty and by students. It is, as I have already said, a production that reflects credit on the editors of *Varsity* and gives promise of the time when the students will feel it a duty and a privilege to put out something conspicuously good to show their interest in literature and their ideas of artistic printing.

Goldwin Smith's *Shakespeare: the Man*, is a pleasant little contribution to the literature that deals with the immortal bard. In it the Professor is at his best. Its pages display him as the literary thinker looking out in a calm and thoughtful interest on the pages of Shakespeare and the period when he lived. The historic imagination of the author brings back the time in which the poet wrote those verses that are for all time, and those plays which will probably be acted more or less to the theater's latest days. As a result we have an estimate of Shakespeare's personality which is exceedingly interesting. All book lovers will find a place on their shelves for this attractive little volume.

Among books of poetry suitable for gift-books may be mentioned the two delightful little volumes of Paul Laurence Dunbar, *Lyrics of Lowly Life* and *Lyrics of the Hearth Side*, either of which would be a most estimable and attractive offering as the expression of a warm and tender feeling of a more or less poetic kind from one person of sensibility to another. There is in these poems the mark of true genius and deep feeling, while their spontaneity and grace will make them beloved. The high praise given to them by a critic so able as W. D. Howells is a sufficient testimonial to their worth.

For a picture-loving, animal-adoring boy, there could be no better present than *Natural History with Anecdote* by Alfred H. Miles. The pictures in this book are not only colored, but they are very satisfactory from an artistic point of view. There never was anything more interesting to most youthful male minds than stories of animals. The lions are fierce and the tigers sinuous. Some of the plates of carols, too, are produced with great chromatic splendor and effect.

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Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known* is already in its twenty-third thousand.

Woman—These fish don't seem very fresh. Fish Hawker (growlingly)—Wot you wants is fish caught to-morrow, and ave em to-day!

Morang & Co. have now in the press a

desk calendar pad of the Pope Mfg. Co. has become indispensable to many business men.

Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known* is already in its twenty-third thousand.

One of the best Canadian stories that have been lately published is *Mountain Star*.

It is a human story—a natural, wholesome picture of the every-day life of people whom we seem to know. I like it much.—*Geo. Bourinot*.

*Clipped Wings* is a popular story (second edition). By Mrs. McAllister. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.30.

We have here a Canadian Drumtochty. The author presents vivid, pleasing pictures of the life and manners of the people of the Highlands Settlement in Zorra.

"The book has not a dull page. It bristles with humor, and is tender in its pathos."—*The Dominion Presbyterian*.

*Clipped Wings* is a popular story (second edition). By Mrs. McAllister. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.30.

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"Miss Fowler's best piece of literary work."—*Methodist Recorder*.

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December 23, 1899

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

15

## Studio and Gallery

In order to acquaint the world at large with what Canada has been contributing to the sum total of the universal products of genius; to show what a very progressive people we really are, (the ladies, I mean), and to make that same *cosmos* realize that they have missed the chance of their life in not being Canadian, the women of Canada are going to set forth such a claim—a list of claims, indeed,—built solidly on the foundation of what we have really accomplished in art, as will be a revelation to the inhabitants of older countries who reckon us with the aborigines and still maintain the delusion that we shoot a bear for breakfast and sleep on—or under—his hide at night, and who still send us missionaries to inaugurate Christianity amongst us. So if anybody knows anything “we” do not know about any achievement whatsoever in art, which is creditable, of course, to us, will they kindly tell us what it is, and we will swell thereby the proportions of art bulk, and be better qualified to rub it into the “furnishers.” Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street, is convener of the committee, and will be glad to receive accredited information. She will pass it on and, ultimately, through Miss Teresa Wilson, it will reach Paris and be scattered broadcast at the coming Exposition. Seeing that this is about all the Canadian art made public there we seriously trust it will be a credit to us. If only our Government would lay their heads together like the Edinburgh Council did for the block paving, we think something might still be accomplished for Canadian art. The reflex advantage of this to the country, everybody knows would be beneficial.

Miss Teresa Wilson, who is she? Well, she is an importation, a consequence of the Aberdeen regime, who for the trifling consideration of \$1,000 a year of the money of Canadian women, has undertaken to show that part of our womanhood which constitutes the National Council—national, mind you—of Women, how to manage its affairs. For the same trifling consideration and a little more, possibly, she will appear before the assembled world at Paris as the concentrated embodiment of the Canadian women, especially those by whose brains anything has been added to the country's weal in any department, as well as in art. No doubt Miss Wilson is an excellent lady, quite all my fancy paints her, a very good element—in the wrong place. We like things dyed in the wool, and we just go as far as is Scriptural in indignation when we reflect that it is possible we may all appear at the Exposition as *protégées* of Aberdeen policy, and infants still fed with pap and under the care of a nurse.

We are always glad when places outside of Toronto send us word of their art doings. We have aimed at establishing such communication with cities and towns having anything of interest to say, and will be always glad to hear from them. Orillia tells us:

Even in the northern towns the fires of art are not permitted to go out. On Monday evening last the Orillia Amateur Art Circle held its second meeting of this season at Birchmere, the residence of Mr. C. Corbould. The work for illustration was The Aberdeen. A number of oil-painting pieces and the production would certainly have done credit to even more pretentious painters. A contribution by Mr. J. W. L. Forster of Toronto was very much admired. An essay on the life of Turner was read by Mr. E. A. Humphries and impromptu sketches made from subjects suggested. Under the presidency of Rev. Canon Greene, who is well known as a capable artist, the circle has done and will do much good work.

Any one feeling the pulse of the art body here will be sure to have noticed a quicker, a more vital beat evidencing itself in several ways. We might enlarge on several of these indications of renewed vitality, but let us content ourselves with this one, viz., a decided impulse in the direction of applied art for industrial and commercial purposes. Nothing is surer than that the minds of many are turning seriously to this phase of art development, and it is interesting to know that the Ontario Society of Artists purpose gathering together here all the available evidences of original art in manufacturing interests, and compelling the public to look for once, not at the wearing quality nor the money value so much—although art is an eminently sensible thing and serves humanity well when it is permitted so to do—as at the artistic conception embodied in the original design which likely has proceeded from the united brains and heart of some genius. The secretary of the O. S. A. writes us:

The Ontario Society of Artists have decided to hold an exhibition of applied art with the object of encouraging original Canadian designs and their use by our manufacturers. It will be held in the art galleries of the Society during the month of March, 1900. The committee of management are Messrs. G. A. Reid, C. M. Manly, R. F. Gager, F. McG. Knowles, Gustav

Hahn and F. S. Challener. A circular explaining the nature and objects of the Applied Art Exhibition will be issued to designers and manufacturers when printed.

Open studio day on the first Saturday of each month promises to become a recognized institution in Toronto. We have now so many of these centers of aesthetic culture, abounding in objects of art interest, both of imported material and of what is of far more concern to us—evidences of the status of Canadian art effort. It is indeed a delightful privilege to visit these rooms, where there is so much beauty and where we become acquainted with a profession which is becoming a more recognized force in our city life. In these days, when darkness falls over us so early in the day, it is well to remember that most can be appreciated in daylight, and as the studios are open from two in the afternoon it is well to take advantage of the daylight:

Miss Laura Muntz, Room S, Yonge street arcade; Miss G. E. spur, Room 11, 15 Toronto street; O. P. Staples, 7 Maitland place, off Homewood avenue; R. F. Gager, 90 Yonge street; Mr. Bell, 383 Jarvis street; Mr. Grier, Imperial Bank Buildings; Miss Hagarty, Room 30, York Chambers, Toronto street; Miss Heaven, York Chambers; C. M. Manly, York Chambers; Mr. Broadbent, 16 Gloucester street; Miss M. Cary McConnell, 3 King street east; G. A. Reid, Mrs. M. H. Reid, Room V, Yonge street arcade.

Miss Grace D. Kerr, 76 Howard street, gathered up her scattered treasures of ceramic art last week and courteously and generously invited her friends to come to see them, an invitation which very many responded to and were glad they did. There were many delightful bits treated daintily and modestly, and we know it will not be at all necessary in the interests of art to do as Miss Kerr thinks inevitable, “to die and so become famous.” Most of us will be forced, we fear, to resort to that extremity, but not Miss Kerr.

The Saturday Sketch held its final session for the season at the home of Miss Kerr, when a young lady in *directoire* hat and the *éclairs* which those who attended the Portrait Loan can recall, and bright little Miss Sloan in evening costume, with black picture hat, posed for the delight of the professionals, and to the confusion of the amateurs. The walls of Miss Kerr's studio are covered with trophies of these Saturday night sketches.

Miss E. May Martin, O.S.A., and teacher of art in the Presbyterian Ladies' College, if heredity has any claim to respect, should be an artist. She has studied art all her lifetime as well, and been an exhibitor in many of our exhibitions. Last week she also collected a display of both paintings and ceramic art and bid her friends to the feast. Miss Martin copies from none in her designs for her china; as a result many bits of decoration were fresh and interesting. Witch-hazel, for instance, Iceland poppies and Persian yellow roses are all capable of most artistic effects. A beautiful plaque, painted recently under the instruction of F. B. Aulich, in flesh and pink roses on a delightfully shaded background, grading from light yellow to deep green, was worthy much admiration. Many water-colors, of Canadian scenery mostly, helped to make a most attractive display, containing too much for particular description here.

T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., held an exhibition on which the local papers of British Columbia used up nearly all their adjectives recently. A collection of oils and water colors, painted out west, of subjects Western, in which landscapes, game and flowers were well represented. The papers gave the preference mainly to the pheasants and ducks, and we who know Mr. Martin's skill in the plumage of birds, and the sympathy of kindly, genial nature with his subjects, commend the discrimination of the critics out west. Mr. Martin has sent home a whole portfolio of pieces which, no doubt, his friends can see any Saturday noon in Miss Martin's studio, 110 Crescent road.

In the Art Metropolis are many charming devices for making Christmas a memorable and happy season. Photograph frames are specially cultivated, especially those for a number of photos. Artistic decorations of flowers and other suitable materials, executed with much taste and judgment, make these especially pretty. Calendars are there in abundance, also prettily decorated, and many other interesting trifles, all chosen with the appreciation of the needs of cultivated people.

JEAN GRANT  
Lovers' Rash and Eccentric Vows.

From Tie-Bits.

“**A**LL right, then, I won't. Not a morsel shall pass my lips until you promise to be mine,” was the rash vow uttered last year by a young Liverpool clerk, who, on protesting to the girl he loved that by reason of her fickle conduct he was unable to eat, received the curt response: “Nonsense: you mean you won't.”

Five days later the young man was found by his landlady lying on his bed, reduced by starvation almost to death's door. Struck by such an abnormal proof of affection the girl relented, but only just in time to save her lover's life.

“You must—you must give your consent to my marrying Edith,” cried an ardent wooper to a certain Mr. Reeve, whom he desired to call father-in-law. “I shall not leave this room until you do—unless, of course, you use force.”

“Oh, I sha'n't do that,” returned the old gentleman, as with a smile he left the apartment.

The lover was true to his word; he did not budge, but remained in the room the whole of that day and the next. On the morning of the third day Mr. Reeve asked him whether he would not reconsider his determination; but, although faint for want of food, he stuck to his guns. Thereupon Mr. Reeve, laughingly remarking that he did not wish a death upon his conscience, referred him to his daughter.

The following amusing episode occurred four months since at Bradford. “I shall be married within the year,” said Mr. C— to some friends. “ Didn't know you were even engaged,” returned one. “No, but it's as good as settled. At any rate, I shall be before I sleep—that I swear,” was the answer. “ Well, we shall see,” remarked Dick T—, the brother of the lady to whom the above words had reference, adding, as he strolled away, “Keep him to his word, you fellows.”

Soon afterwards C— repaired to Miss T—'s house, only to learn to his mortification that she had left town for a few days, and that her address was not known. “You'll have to sleep on your disappointment, after all,” laughed his friends. “I'll be hanged if I do!” he exclaimed; “I won't eat my words.” For six nights he managed, with his comrades' assistance, to ward off sleep. On the seventh day, however, Miss T—, who, at her brother's instigation, had purposely kept out of the way, was again at home. That night C— slept long and deep.

“I will follow you everywhere until you promise to be my wife,” cried a young Parisian a few months since to a lady whose charms had captured his sensitive heart. “If you do,” she archly replied, “I will—only—ask you to give up as the lover's rapture, until he ascertained that the fair one was a celebrated “blonde queen,” who was displaying her intrepidity at a menagerie in the neighborhood. He manfully, however, stuck to his word, and, following her into the den, received his just reward.

Last autumn a young American named Barrance, who was very lavish with his words as to what he would do for his intended, asked even to the sacrifice of life itself, when requested the lady to make good his words by leaping from Brooklyn Bridge. He promptly did so, fortunately escaping with injury.

Four years since a lady living in one of the southern counties was so imbued with the spirit of romance that she refused to wed a wealthy gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood, until he had proved the sincerity of his love by undergoing one of those extravagant ordeals not uncommon in the olden time. The lady, however, required of him that he should neither have his nails nor hair cut for the space of a year. Naturally, he soon wished to cry off, but the lady was obdurate, and, as he was very much in love, he bore bravely the unmerciful chafing of his friends for the sake of the happiness that the future had in store.



“Lest you forget  
We say it yet” **Kutch**  
TEN FOR 10 CENTS.

All druggists, or by mail from the WOODWARD MEDICINE CO., Limited, Coborne Street, Toronto.

TRADE COLEMAN'S MARK  
**CAMPHO-QUININE**  
REGISTERED  
TABLETS  
FOR LA GRIPPE  
CURES COLDS & BREAKS FEVERS  
25¢ IN 24 HOURS 25¢

The End of the Century Remedy for the End of the Century Disease.

DR. HOPE'S

**TINY  
TABLETS  
FOR  
RED  
NERVES**

This Great Remedy has until now been obtained only by the wealthy patients of an eminent Nerve Specialist. A scientific treatment for Nervous Exhaustion and its allied evils, Headache, Dizziness, Weariness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Mental Depression, Irritability, etc. Tiny Tablets will positively cure NERVOUS PROSTRATION and loss of Physical and Mental vigor. At Druggists for 50 cents, or by Mail from the Dr. Hope Medicine Company, Ltd., Toronto, Can.

A Tiny Dose—Positive Results.



## Christmas Furs

Just the rarest stock of fine quality furs you'll find on the continent—that always has been our reputation, and high as we've

always kept the standard for quality and style you'll find this season's collection goes the past season one better—there's no more appropriate thing to give at Xmas than a bit of nice fur—for either lady or gentleman—and what we show have been made up in our own workrooms so that our guarantee for goodness goes with everything we sell—Don't put off selecting an hour later than possible because there'll be a tremendous lot of fur buying crowded in the last minutes this Xmas—Everything that's stylish and good in furs for man, woman, boy or girl—visit the showrooms—

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE.



## The Ideal Gift

The ideal present is one that so combines beauty and usefulness as to be a source of lasting pleasure to the recipient. These qualities attach in a remarkable degree to a choice piece of well-made Fancy Furniture, and in our Christmas display, now about complete, we show a most tempting array of just such oddments as you will be delighted to give and your friends to receive and treasure.

### You are Cordially Invited to Inspect Our Stocks

Nearly every item in this list represents many different designs (some of them of quite exceptional beauty) and a wide range of prices:

Music Secretaries—a decidedly attractive Novelty

Fancy Chairs and Rockers

Fancy Tables and Stands

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Drawing-Room Chairs

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Hall Boxes and Settees

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Palm Stands and Tabourets

Secretaries and Desks

Dressing Tables and Dressers

Easy Chairs and Lounges

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Look to your Dining Table, and if there's doubt as to its ability to accommodate your Christmas dinner party see us about a new one. Our stock in this line also is at high water mark.

The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.  
LIMITED  
97 YONGE STREET

## Renfrew's Furs



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### SEAL SKIN and PERSIAN LAMB Evening Wraps

FUR LINED AND TRIMMED

Caperines, Boas, Muffs, Gauntlets, Etc.

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PYROGRAPHY We keep a good assortment of tints and points for Burnt Wood and Poker Work. A nice Christmas gift. See them.

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Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

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SUCCESSIONS TO J. & J. LUDSON

"Excels any piano I have ever used."  
—ALBANI.

"The singing and sustaining quality just what we vocalists appreciate."  
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CHOOSE A  
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Piano  
FOR  
A CHRISTMAS GIFT

AND BRING UNALLOYED  
HAPPINESS TO THE  
ENTIRE HOME.

"I had no idea so good a piano was manufactured in Canada."  
—FRIEDHEIM.

WAREROOMS—117 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

The Children's Aid Society.

THE Children's Aid Society of Toronto has for its motto: "It is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals." During the year ending September last the Society gave out for adoption fifty-seven children that were in its possession. There are now 240 children under the protection of the Society, in foster homes—all comfortable, and nearly all prosperous and happy. On September 30 there were only eight children in charge of the Society awaiting homes, six less than at the same time last year. The number of complaints and children's court cases in Toronto during the year was 1,213 and in these 1,500 children were involved. The complaints of neglect or ill treatment of children numbered 384, and in 40 cases the Society assumed charge of the children.

Previous to the passing of the Act under which the Society operates, and similar Acts in Great Britain and the United States, there was no protection for the "little citizen," and parents often seemed to think that they owned their children and could use them and abuse them as they liked. The effect of the laws for the protection of children has been to rudely awaken cruel and neglectful parents to the fact that the law of the land regards them as the rightful guardians of their children as long as they do their duty by them, while it clearly shows that the children are citizens whom the state is bound to protect. Under these benign laws, now, not only the citizen who has reached majority, but the citizen a day old has an equal right to the protection which the law affords.

This Society is therefore not a charity merely, but also a subordinate governmental agency for the express purpose of protecting the helpless and acting as their legal representative in the criminal courts.

The Shelter is an important branch of the Society's work. Here homeless, lost, deserted and arrested children are temporarily placed until they can be properly disposed of. During the year 379 passed through the Shelter, and in the eight years of its existence the number of children sheltered has been 2,050. A great deal of clothing donated by charitably inclined people has been bestowed upon the children passing through this institution, and SATURDAY NIGHT thinks it well to bring the work of this Society before its readers at this Christmas season. It is a work that should not be overlooked. The president of the Society is Mr. J. K. Macdonald; the vice-presidents are Dr. Oldright, Dr. W. Harley Smith, Mr. R. S. Baird and Mr. H. R. Frankland; secretary, Mr. J. Stuart Coleman.

#### Social and Personal.

Saucy, daring, and above all *chic* to a nicely, are the colored studies of society girls' heads exhibited in Matthews' windows this week, and a glance tells the initiated that they are the work of Katherine Shearar. Miss Shearar is a cousin of that popular young man, Mr. Colin Harbottle. In addition to her special work Miss Shearar has gotten out a very dainty calendar on sale at Bain's bookstore, all *avant-courier* of the more ambitious affair in preparation for the year 1901. Miss Shearar is a bright and delightful girl, and only at the outset of a career of artistic success.

Mrs. FitzGibbon, whose recent visit to the North-West and subsequent enthusiasm have interested a class of Toronto people not heretofore much instructed in our great territory and its emigration schemes, is now talking up the matter in Montreal. Those who have heard Mrs. FitzGibbon talk on any subject from the Dolly Dialogues to the Doukhobors, know the fascination of her voice and manner, and can easily believe she will arouse great interest in her present topic.

Miss Alexandra Ramsay, who is remembered as one of Toronto's most artistic entertainers, appeared lately in a presentation of Tamlin at Edinburgh, Scotland, and the press there has been quite flattering in its notices of her performance. The play is an adaptation of the old Scottish ballad Tamline, by Lady Archibald Campbell. Readers of Scott's Border Minstrelsy will remember the thrilling episodes of the ballad, describing the kidnapping of Tamline by the fairies as an

for a collection for the widows and orphans of the South African soldiers, and £47 2s was contributed on the spot, and sent to the treasurer of the Widows and Orphans' League.

The marriage of Miss Ada Hamilton Lowndes and Mr. Fred Howard Gray will take place in St. Thomas church on Wednesday morning, December 27. A reception will be held afterwards at Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes' residence in Madison avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Thomas, daughter of Mr. Edwin Thomas of 96 St. Joseph street, and Miss Essie Case of 12 Spadina road, daughter of Mr. G. Allen Case, are two youthful hostesses of this holiday season whose young friends were charmed to receive their invitations. Miss Thomas had a lovely party last evening, and Miss Case has chosen vacation Friday for her dance.

Teacher—If one man can perform a piece of work in six days, how long will it take six men to do it? Willie—About six weeks. Teacher—How do you get that? Willie—Six men would get up a strike.

She (in affright)—Oh, Tom, why do you make such awful faces at me? He (contritely)—I can't help it, dear. My eyeglasses are falling off, and I don't want to let go of your hands.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we,' 'Why?'" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

Auntie—Where is the money you had saved up last week? Tommy—Father said I was to use it up for a rainy day. It was a rainy day yesterday, and so I spent it.

#### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

##### Births.

STARK—Dec. 14, Mrs. Harry L. Stark, a daughter, to Lt. S. R. Stark, of the late Sir George L. Stark, and his wife.

HICKS—Dec. 14, Mrs. Geo. J. Hicks, a daughter, to Mrs. A. M. Kennedy, a daughter.

GILPIN—Dec. 18, Mrs. James Gilpin, a son, to Mrs. R. H. Robinson, a daughter.

##### Deaths.

BEERS—On Dec. 18, at the residence of her husband, 29 Prin. Arthur Avenue, Ellen Elizabeth, 20, daughter of the late Sir George L. Stark, and his wife.

ALLEGRA—Dec. 18, Louis R. Allegra, aged 48.

MCGOWAN—Dec. 18, Mrs. James McGowan, aged 81.

ROGERS—Dec. 18, Mrs. James E. Rogers.

CLARKSON—Mr. James Clarkson.

CLELAND—Dec. 17, Rev. William Cleland, aged 75.

LAUDER—Dec. 18, John Lauder.

MCFARLANE—Dec. 17, Donald McFarlane, aged 81.

RYAN—Dec. 18, Mrs. Jessie L. Ryan, widow of the late Dr. Bay, Dorothy Frazer Shepherd, aged 2.

ARMSTRONG—Martha A. Armstrong, aged 81.

DONOHUE—Dec. 19, James Donohue, aged 87.

#### Neapolitan Ices

#### for Xmas Dinner

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Order as early as possible from—

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HENRY A. TAYLOR  
DRAPER

Thanks his many patrons for their continued and increasing faith in the fact that it pays to pay for quality—and wishes them all the joys of the Christmas season.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK

#### Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND NO. 81

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum upon the capital stock of the company has been declared for the half-year ending 31st December, 1899, payable after the 1st day of January, 1900, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

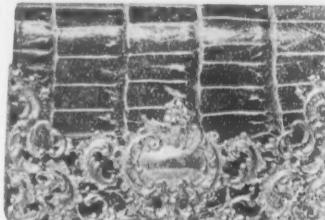
By order of the Board,  
S. C. WOOD,  
Managing Director,  
Toronto, December 11th, 1899.

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COR. YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.  
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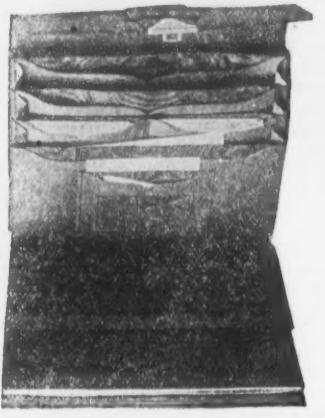
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## Suggestions for Gifts to Ladies...



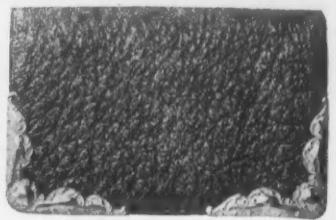
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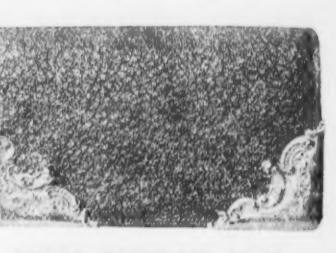
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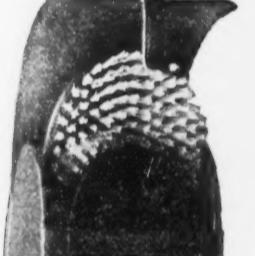
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With best fittings only, compact and complete  
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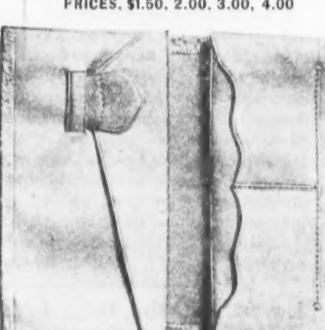
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SOFT SIDES - SQUARE ENDS  
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In Pig Skin Case, with Cork Lining  
In three sizes  
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With Bayonet or Screw Top  
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With Real Ebony Brushes, on detachable  
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In Olive, Russet and Grey  
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